THE BYSTANDER.
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With Two Supplements.

The BYSTANDER

6d CHRISTMAS *and Anniversary* NUMBER. 6d

The Marchioness of Townshend

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Random Jottings

This is our Christmas number, therefore we wish you, Readers, a Merry Christmas in it. It is also our birthday number, and a modest pride will well up in us, in spite of all we do to stop it. We are Two. Two years old. It is no use denying it. Many people take us for much older, because we can stand on our own legs and talk so beautifully. So many papers take ages and ages to do this, and then go off in a decline—but we must not boast. Only, as it is our birthday, perhaps we may remind you of a simple fact or two that may increase the pleasant relationship that has always existed between us. We publish no Overseas Edition, finding that the ordinary one travels well enough. You are not forced, if you desire to read us, to join a library. And we never, never harrow your feelings by telling you that it is too late to become a subscriber. If you want to begin now, you will not even be made to wait until Easter. We like you too well for that. Thank you for returning the compliment.

HOST (*with suspicious effusion*): "Have a cigar, old man—and fill your case"

GUEST (*nervously*): "No, thanks, old chap—er—the wife gave *me* a box, too, for Christmas"

The following showers of telegrams have reached us (per medium):—

'Will never serve under that Banner.' No reference in these words to BYSTANDER, which shall always be happy to serve under.—ROSEBERY.

Saturday's match grand success. One hundred thousand Bystanders. — MANAGER OF NEW ZEALANDERS.

Congratulations. Expect to be Bystander myself shortly. —A. J. BALFOUR.

Lift my glass to never-to-be-forgotten memory of ——. —WILHELM. (The word "Bystander" is evidently meant to be filled in here, though it is not definitely mentioned.)

Revolution spreading. Could wish there were more Bystanders in this unhappy country.—COUNT WITTE.

Delighted to see increasing numbers of happy little Bystanders.—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

This is merely a selection, of course.

Originality, which is so much to seek in art and literature, appears to be quite common among burglars. The latest device is the water-pistol. Armed with this handy little implement, you

invade the scene of your operations with a tranquil mind, for should the gentleman whose house you are attending to be sufficiently roused to come against you, you have merely to discharge your water-pistol into his half-awakened eyes. As it contains, not water, but ammonia, the effect of this upon him is to make him wish he had not got out of bed in such a hurry. Meanwhile, you enjoy the benefits of your invention, and have the additional satisfaction of knowing (unlike most inventors) that, if it is discovered, it will almost certainly lead to an engagement lasting over several years.

This little story of gnomes and elves and their adventures in Newspaper Land is continued in the following pages. Note the effect of the different journals upon these "little people"

A formicarium, or ants' nest under glass, is the Christmas present *par excellence*. According to a contemporary, a thousand of these formicaria have already been sold. They are said to last for five years, and I suppose if a particular ant dies within that period, it will be replaced by the dealer with one of a similar size and temperament. Serious-minded parents should welcome a formicarium in the nursery. What a living lesson it would prove! More than the bee, the ant stands for all the moral virtues that children should be taught. It is contented, orderly, industrious, and not dainty in its food, nor is it ever intoxicated, as the bee, alas, sometimes is. For all one knows to the contrary, the ant does not even cry out when soap gets into its eyes. Certainly, a formicarium is to be recommended. The only conceivable

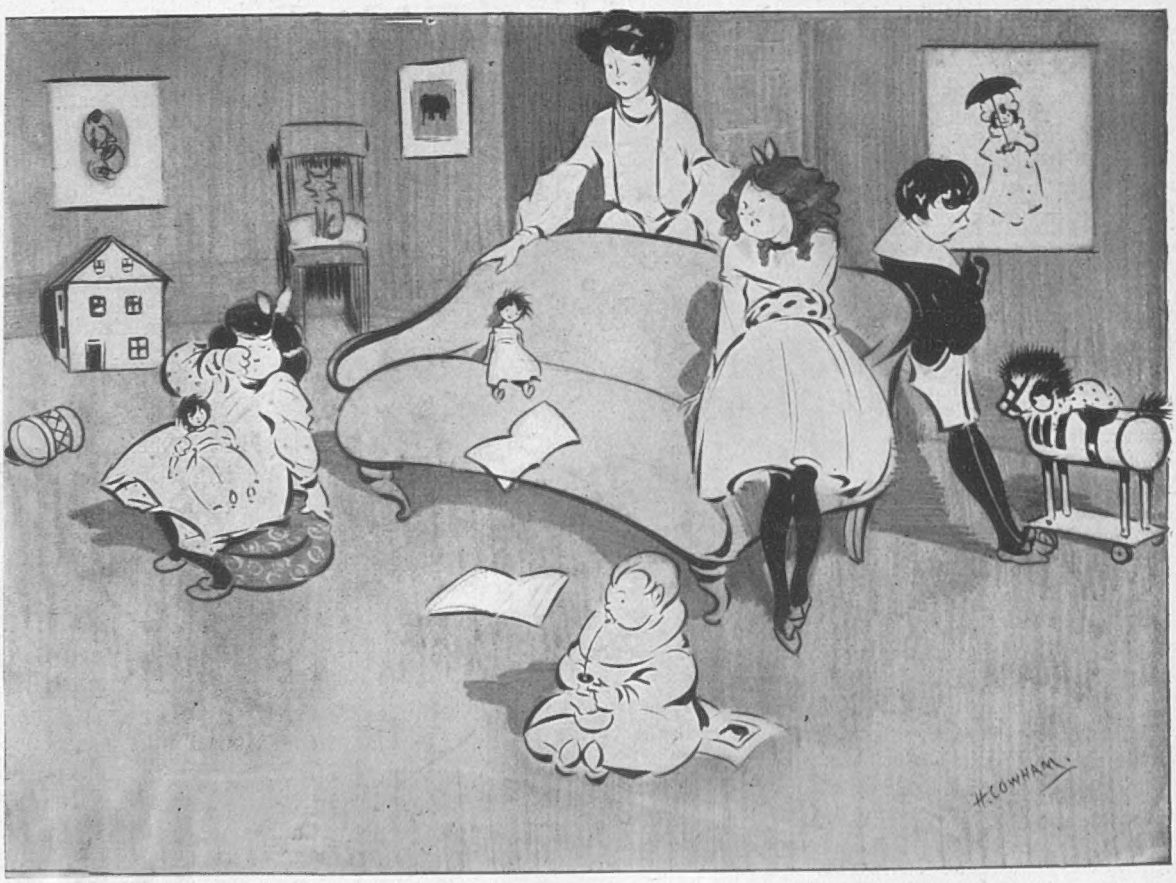
objection is that toys sometimes get broken in bed, and though these ants are probably stingless, they might be difficult to disentangle from the blankets.

The Sultan of Turkey is the true peace-maker. We pride ourselves on our Hague Conventions, and then send united fleets to the Bosphorus in the vain hope of stirring up war. The Sultan will have none of it. He does not talk about peace, but he will not hear about war. Send him an ultimatum, and he smiles a forgiving smile; try to blockade him, and he issues invitations for the officers of the hostile fleet to come to a little hop, or the Turkish equivalent of a little hop. "Here are cigarettes for your brave sailors," he says, "and I trust that your Ambassadors, whom I have not seen lately, are so-so." Admirable man, we have much to learn from him, but it is to be hoped that we shall not spend too much money in learning it. By the way, it is not true that the Admiral in command of the Blockading Squadron has received a Christmas card from Abdul, with the lines:—

May Joy be yours this Happy Morn,
And Quiet be the Walls about the Golden Horn!

"Unless motor-cars are abolished from the highways, the Vicar of Hurley expects a serious rising of the people"—a regular Hurley-Burley, in fact. Motorists certainly ought to be more considerate. Here is a Vicar, in ordinary circumstances an amiable and well-balanced man, I have no doubt, positively forseeing revolution as the result of the rush of motorists along the highways. It is hard lines on his congregation, for a Vicar with red ruin staring him in the face cannot be expected to perform his duties with his ordinary quiet tenacity. Could not some arrangement be made whereby some automobilist could take his car round to the Vicarage at Hurley, and show that it is not such a terrible thing after all. Horses have been cured of panic by this means—why not a Vicar?

Influ-neuralgia is, according to an authority, the fashionable form of a well-known disease. You can call it neuro-influenza if you prefer it; but it is very painful in any case, like many other fashionable things. The great consolation, if you get it, is to know that—besides being in the mode—you are assisting people to be immune from it for the next generation or two. They will have quite a different form of the disease, perhaps nicer, perhaps not. Next year you will have a different form of it yourself. There is always something to look forward to, if you try hard enough.



(See p. 4

"What ever is the matter, children?"
"Oh, Auntie! we've come to a new house, and Santa Claus won't know where to bring the presents!"

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM

The Topictator

"Hoots, ma chère! Regardez donc!!"

(The tartan factories of Glasgow are experiencing a great demand for their cloth, many orders coming from Paris)

Shade of George Washington: "William! William!"

(In his speech to the Reichstag, the Kaiser expressed his satisfaction at having assisted in bringing about peace between Japan and Russia)

Father Christmas going his rounds—as seen by our optimist

Tinkering

ST. JOHN BR-DR-CK: "D'you think you'll make it hold water this time, Arnold"

ARN-LD F-RST-R: "Lor' bless yer, no! But we can charge what we likes for the job"

Back to his lonely furrow

(See page 474)

Some interesting figures have come to hand respecting the baby-production of the borough of Manhattan, which is the city of New York proper. It appears that some 55,000 infants were introduced into the world in the last eleven months by its inhabitants. As New York City has only about twenty-two square miles, this is really not bad, as it works out at about 2,500 babies per square mile. Calculated per head of population, it figures out at about one baby per 45½ people. What, however, is said to be the scandalous part of the business is the contribution towards this total of wealthy New York as represented by Fifth Avenue. Only thirteen out of the 55,000 were born in this thoroughfare, which is 4½ miles long. This means that Fifth Avenue, the street of millionaires, only turns out $2\frac{8}{5}$ babies per mile, which is considered a poor look-out for the future of plutocracy. In the block in which Mr. Rockefeller's residence is situated, only one infant was born. Perhaps, however, one protests too much. One dares to say that if the baby-produce per annum of Piccadilly or St. James's Street were ascertained, we should only go Fifth Avenue a fraction of a baby better—if even that—for, after all, when a street is taken up mostly by shops, hotels, clubs, and churches, as is Fifth Avenue, round by Rockefeller's, the absence of large quantities of baby annually is, perhaps, not so scandalous as it seems.

A Modest Request

PLAUSIBLE MENDICANT: "Lidy, I'm one o' the real unemployed, and I ain't begging, but can I foller yer abaht till yer dawg's done with that 'ere bone?"

Our Frontispiece

The Marchioness of Townshend, who forms the subject of our frontispiece this week, is the most youthful Marchioness of the day, being just twenty years of age. She was married very quietly last August to Lord Townshend at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, before a few immediate relatives and friends of both sides. As Miss Gladys Sutherst, Lady Townshend has long been known as one of the prettiest girls in London, and during her honeymoon on the Continent was greatly admired.

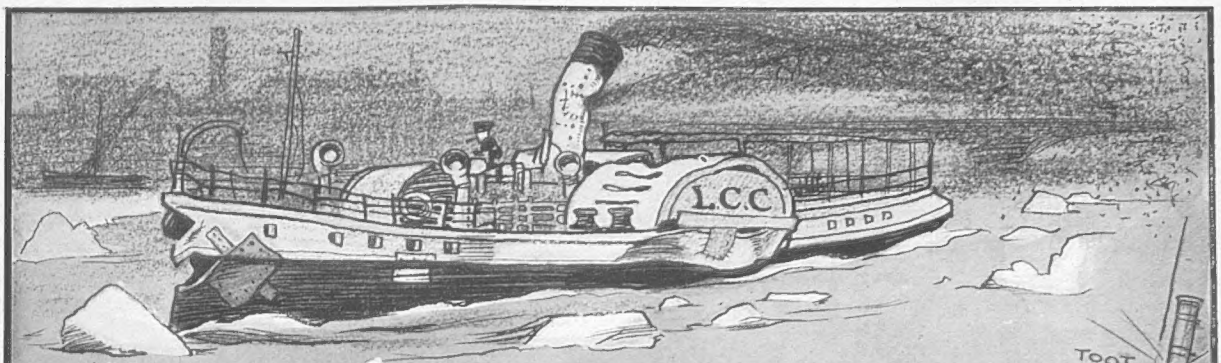
A Correction and Apology

In our issue of November 15, under the title of "The Sub-Dean and Spurious Sherry," we told a story with reference to the Bishop of London related by Dr. Sheppard, and we stated how the Sub-Dean ascertained that the Verger of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, had been substituting for Royal Madeira a bottle of the cheapest sherry.

We regret to state that there was an unfortunate inaccuracy in our story as to the time when this occurrence took place. We stated that it happened some few years ago, not long after Dr. Sheppard was appointed Sub-Dean, whereas it should have read "before Dr. Sheppard was appointed Sub-Dean."

Owing to this inaccuracy, Mr. William Hebblethwaite, the present Verger of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, complains that the article, as written, refers to him. We do not agree with Mr. Hebblethwaite's construction of the language used, inasmuch as our article expressly stated that the Verger referred to was dismissed, while, as is well known, Mr. Hebblethwaite is the present Verger at the Chapel Royal. Nevertheless, we greatly regret the inaccuracy, and that occasion should have arisen for Mr. Hebblethwaite to complain, and we offer him our apologies.

NOTICE.—This is the last week of our Hunt Photograph Competition. Next week we shall announce the winner of the Sixteen-Guinea Luggage Float or Pony Car (according to choice of winner). The names of the Prizewinners in our First Weekly Bridge Competition (held over from lack of space) will also be given



"Anymoreforkew."

A stirring Recitation for Christmas

'Twas a day in drear December, and the weather worse than bad,
If anyone was out for fun he certainly was mad,
Yet through the whirling skirl of snow, despite the bitter blast,
From pier to pier the County Council pleasure-steamer passed.

The Skipper paced his frozen deck, the mate was down below
(The fiendish frost had found him out and "bitten" was his toe),
Abaft the mast, with trembling limbs, there crouched the crafty Crew,
Upon his fingers blowing hard—although his nose was blue.

When suddenly across the waves there rang a startled cry,
The Crew had seized a telescope and placed it to his eye,
"No, no!" he cried, "it can't be true, the cold has made me queer,
I thought I saw a passenger a-standin' on the pier!"

The skipper pulled the cord

The Skipper turned his gaze ashore, then gave a hoarse command,
"It is, it is a passenger! 'E's wavin' of 'is 'and!
Ho, 'ard astern, go easy now! Half speed ahead! Avast!"
And thus at length to Temple Pier they made that steamer fast.

The Crew flung out the gangway, and the Skipper pulled the cord,
The whistle blew to show they had a passenger aboard,
And out of curiosity the mate popped up to see
What sort of individual this passenger could be.

. . . The Skipper swore a frightful oath, the Crew went off his head,
When the man produced a note-book, and with great politeness said:
"I represent the *Daily Mail*, and will you kindly say
The number of the passengers you've had aboard to-day?"

The crew had seized a telescope.

The crew flung out the gangway.

AN ODE TO THE L.C.C.

How to Pack Your Christmas Hamper

(Acknowledgments to Ambrosialine, Mrs. Mavia, The Duchess, and other Domestic Economists)

It is high time to be thinking of the Christmas hampers which you will have to send to your poorer friends and relations, and your first thought will be—how can I fill these most economically? The best plan is to pack them yourself. No doubt many provision-dealers undertake to do this for you nowadays at a moderate cost, but you must not forget that they are charging you for their labour. Besides, how much more satisfactory for the recipients of your bounty to reflect that this is no mere gift of money they are receiving, but something that you have

PERSONALLY INTERESTED YOURSELF IN PROCURING

something to which you have actually devoted your own time and attention! This reflection should double their gratitude towards you, and give you a feeling of quiet self-content that a money order on the Stores could never supply. With this object in view, ask your grocer for a large empty packing-case. As he will be making a good deal out of you at this season, he should be willing to supply this for nothing. In any event, a few pence will cover the cost. Insist upon the case being a large one. You may not be able to fill it—your own household expenses are naturally heavy, and those two new cars you were tempted to order at Olympia will cost a pretty penny—but that does not matter. The sight of a large hamper will fill your humble friends with the most pleasing anticipations and, as it has been truly remarked,

ANTICIPATION IS THE BETTER HALF OF ENJOYMENT

while a proper use of straw will prevent any deficiencies in the hamper from becoming noticeable. Some people prefer to fill in with old newspapers, but straw is more likely to be useful. Perhaps your protegés live in the country and keep a few fowls, and they will in that case find the straw valuable for lining the nests of their birds. Or it can be used for stuffing a straw mattress (or palliasse) for one of the bairns. When you have thoroughly covered the bottom of the case with straw, put in first a few old frocks, if you have any that are quite useless to you, and

"How is it, Professor, that some of your pupils pay a guinea and others only half a guinea a lesson?"
"It's all one, Madam, the half-guinea pupils take twice as long to learn, that's all!"

WILL NOT BE ACCEPTABLE TO YOUR MAID

as they will form a good foundation for the oranges, which will come next. Oranges are always welcome, and they are absurdly cheap nowadays, especially if you do not make a point of any particular brand. Those with thickish skins may not be so palatable, but, on the other hand, if peeled carefully with a spoon, they afford opportunities to the little ones of carving out of them many quaint and enjoyable shapes, thus appealing to the ingenuity as well as to the appetite. Another thick layer of straw will bring you to a consideration of

WHAT IS TO BE THE MAINSTAY OF THE HAMPER

Is it to be a turkey? Quite teeny and inexpensive turkeys, weighing little more than chickens, are to be had, but would not a round of beef be better? American beef is very wholesome. Add straw, and then insert

THE EVER-POPULAR PLUM-PUDDING

This should be of the kind known as poor man's plum-pudding, which only differs in the matter of richness from the kind you are getting for your own table. More straw, followed by a 3¾*d.* box of crackers—see that the mottoes are sensible!—will complete a very handsome present. There is no need for you to pay the carriage upon it, as surely your friends, though they are not well off, will be only too pleased to defray this small item. Write the address clearly on the outside, and send off in good time, as the pudding may not keep.

THE PLAYHOUSES

"MAJOR BARBARA" AT THE COURT THEATRE

Mr. Shaw has given us some unpleasant moments, especially when tilting at principles and ideas which are so much part of ourselves that we feel the blows of his lance; but, on the other hand, he has done good pioneer work in clearing away obsolete traditions of the stage, which were merely an encumbrance. Before the advent of Mr. Shaw, there had grown up an alarming body of stage "types." Constant usage by generations of playwrights of these types had worn away all the little eccentricities and charms of manner which go to make up individuality, and to give them kinship with human beings.

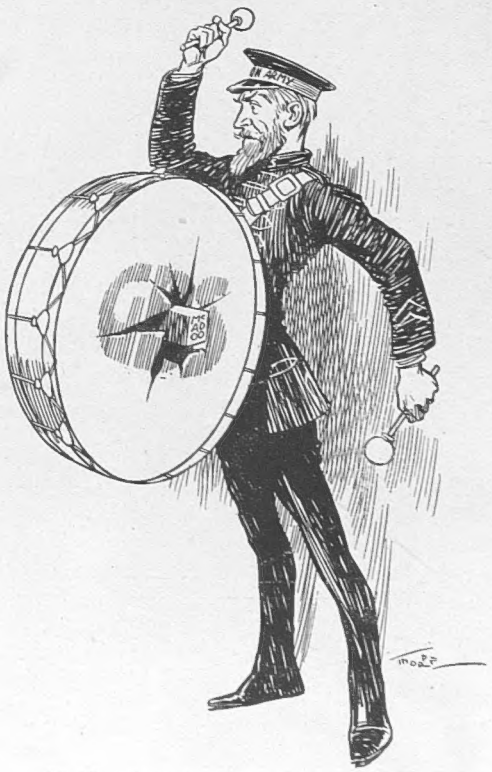
The melo-dramatist had his little box of types. When making a play he would take out his blonde hero, his dark villain, his lachrymose heroine, and her elfish child, his low-comedy man, touch them up a bit, and set them dancing to a familiar tune.

The farce-maker ran through his stock of bald husbands, frivolous wives, facetious waiters in *cabinets particuliers*, pert French maids, and soon had them strung together and ready for their antics.

The comedy-maker had a high-class collection of worldly minded duchesses, well-born blackmailers, weak-minded scions of ducal houses, commercial bounders—and here we come to the point in enumerating the contents of the dramatic stock-pot in order to mark our appreciation of the Shavian method.

We always knew what to expect from these types, and when the self-made man appeared, we looked for a slangy h'more and h'less bounder whom everybody, and particularly his own progeny, heartily despised.

Now Mr. Shaw has written many plays without having recourse to the stock-pot. His characters have an engaging freshness. They are so utterly unlike those creatures of paint and sawdust—the stage types. So, in his latest play, we are shown the parvenu in quite a new light. Or, rather, to take a broader view of the question, commerce is exhibited to us with all its tremendous power, and the great men of commerce are held up as the real governors and benefactors of the world. King Parvenu has been crowned with all ceremony by Mr. Shaw. It must have been very galling for the man



Mr. Shaw beats the drum to draw attention to his new sermon upon the crime of poverty

of millions to see himself exhibited as the sorry type of the stock-pot He should be grateful to Mr. Shaw for idealising his materialism, and for "discussing," as only Mr. Shaw can, the latest doctrine —that poverty is the greatest crime.

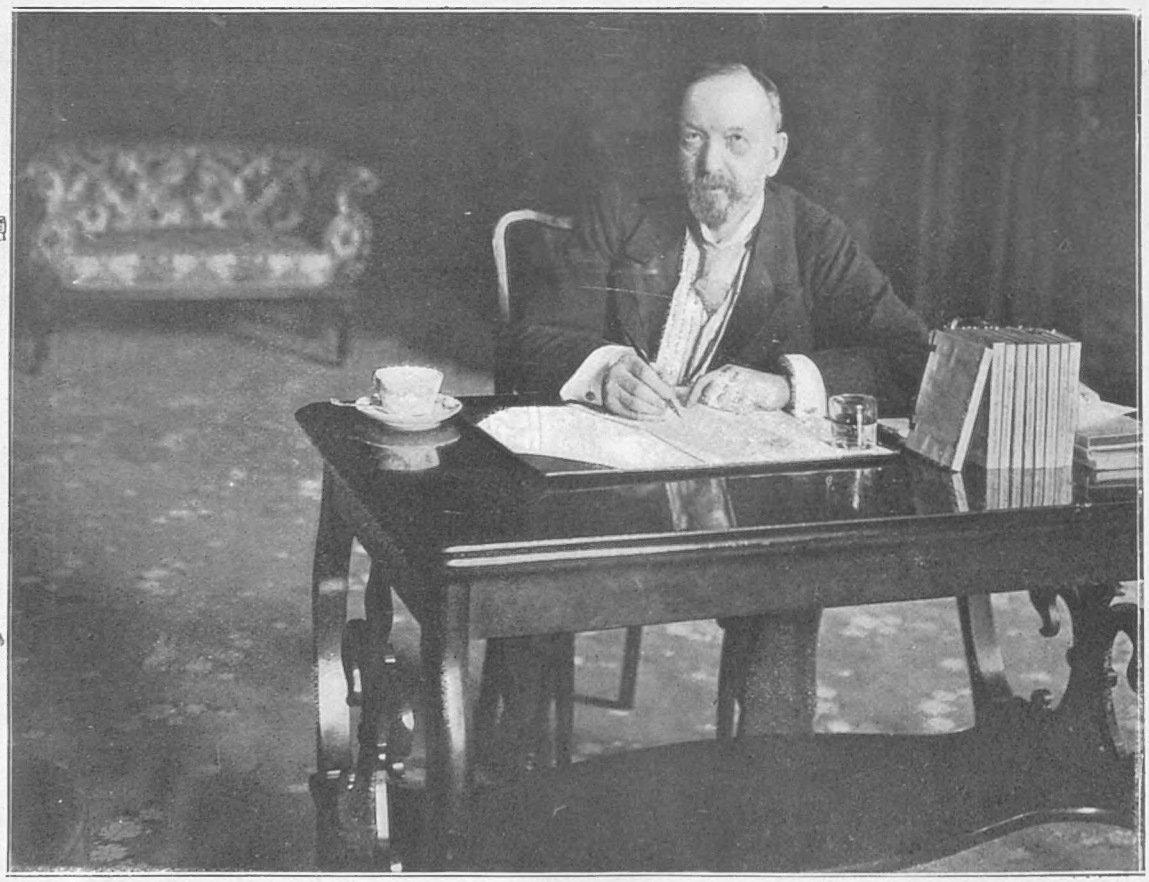
Mr. Jones' Breadth of View

It has often been noticed that America has a very broadening effect upon the travelled histrion. Actors, after experience with American audiences, return home with greater breadth of gesture and with more emphasis of tone and manner. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has apparently fallen under the same spell. His visit to the United States has made him very sweeping in his statements. In his view, tomfoolery reigns supreme upon the English stage. Mr. Jones is too clever a man to speak without a purpose. Perhaps he is preparing a drama of more than usual solidity for the English market, and has taken this means of getting his future audiences into a becoming frame of mind. E. C. S.

Photo by *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Miss May de Souza

Who will be the "Cinderella" of the Drury Lane pantomime this year



The latest portrait of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones

Taken upon the eve of his return to England after a visit to the United States. Mr. Jones, upon landing in England, proceeded to endorse his statement, cabled from America, that the British stage was given over to "tomfoolery"

The Greatest Romantic Mystery of Modern Times

DRUCE CLAIM TO THE PORTLAND DUKEDOM AND ESTATES

Illustrated by Photographs of the Principals, which have never before been published

The Duke of Portland

The Druce claim to the estates and title of the Dukedom of Portland, the greatest romantic mystery of modern times, is rapidly approaching the last phase—that of open hearing in open Court. It is anticipated that within the next few weeks an application will be made for the purpose of taking important evidence on commission, and other stages will follow in regular succession until the great case is settled definitely one way or the other once for all.

A Tremendous Issue

The stake is a tremendous one, involving the possession not only of the great Welbeck estates and others that now figure in the rent-roll of the Portland Dukedom, but also the London properties administered by the Portland trustees and held by Lord Howard de Walden. These London properties include some of the best revenue-producing parts of London—Cavendish Square, Portland Place, Harley Street, Welbeck Street, Weymouth Street, Bentinck Street, Great Portland Street, Holles Street, and other well-known thoroughfares.

It is estimated that, taking everything into calculation, the value of the properties claimed is little short of £100,000,000.

The Claimant and His Allegations

George Hollamby Druce

The claimant, who has assigned his rights to G. H. Druce, Ltd.

The present claimant is Mr. George Hollamby Druce. He bases his contention on the allegation that the fifth Duke of Portland and Thomas Charles Druce, proprietor of the Baker Street Bazaar, were one and the same person. He is the grandson, and the oldest legal descendant of Thomas Charles Druce, and therefore, if his contention be proved, the grandson and oldest legal descendant of the fifth Duke of Portland. The present Duke is a cousin of the fifth Duke, whom he succeeded.

Some time ago Mrs. Anna Maria Druce made a similar claim on behalf of her son. The new claimant, however, represents an older branch of Thomas Charles Druce's family. His grandmother was T. C. Druce's first wife, while Mrs. Anna Druce's claim is based on kinship through a second wife.

Thos. Chas. Druce, reputed fifth Duke, at the age of 20 years

While living with his first wife, Elizabeth Crickmer, at Bury St. Edmunds. From a painting

Mrs. Thos. Druce (Elizabeth Crickmer)

Who was married to Mr. Druce at Bury St. Edmunds

Reconstructing the Story

Let us reconstruct the Portland story as it is read by Mr. G. H. Druce. For reasons of his own, the fifth Duke of Portland in early life, certainly before he was twenty, began to live a double life. At times, he was the Marquis of Titchfield, his proper title; at other times he was Druce, a name which he assumed for reasons of his own. As Druce, he went to Bury St. Edmunds, where he opened a draper's business, and made a runaway marriage with Miss Elizabeth Crickmer, a girl who was at the time a pupil in a school there. He had several children by her, of whom the eldest was Mr. George Druce, father of the present claimant, to whom he left £1,000 in his will. He forsook his wife after a few years, and left Bury St. Edmunds. He succeeded to the Dukedom of Portland in 1854, but still continued to pose at times as Druce. It is found that the two names coincide with facts in a remarkable manner. When there are records of activity on the part of the Duke of Portland, Druce seems to have disappeared from the face of the earth. When Druce is much in evidence, history is silent as to the Duke.

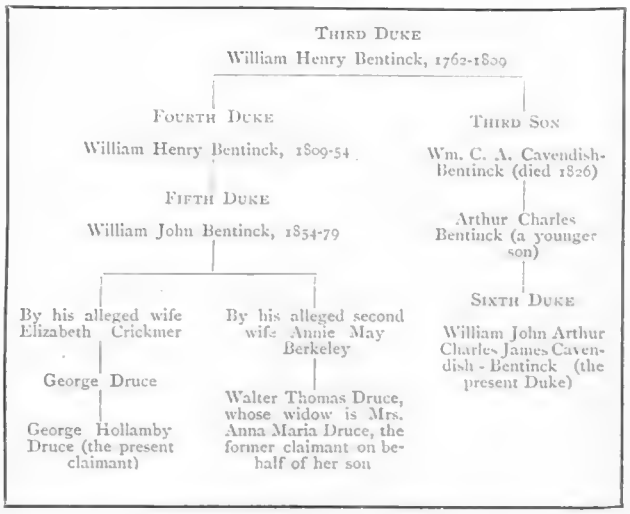
The fifth Duke of Portland

(Reprinted by kind permission of "The Tatler")

Continuing the story (according to Mr. Druce's version), the Duke found himself free to marry again when his first wife died in 1851. He did so at once, and the second wife was Annie May Berkeley, a member of the Berkeley family, near neighbours and intimate friends of the Portland family.

It is a remarkable fact that the Duke of Portland, when Marquis of Titchfield, had a violent quarrel with his brother, Lord George Bentinck, about this same Miss Berkeley, whom "Thomas Charles Druce" is actually known to have married.

About 1864, according to the claimant's reading of the mystery, the fifth Duke decided to drop the Jekyll-Hyde life he was leading. Accordingly, he decided to suppress T. C. Druce and revert permanently to his ducal state. This was done by burying "Druce" in the famous vault in Highgate Cemetery.

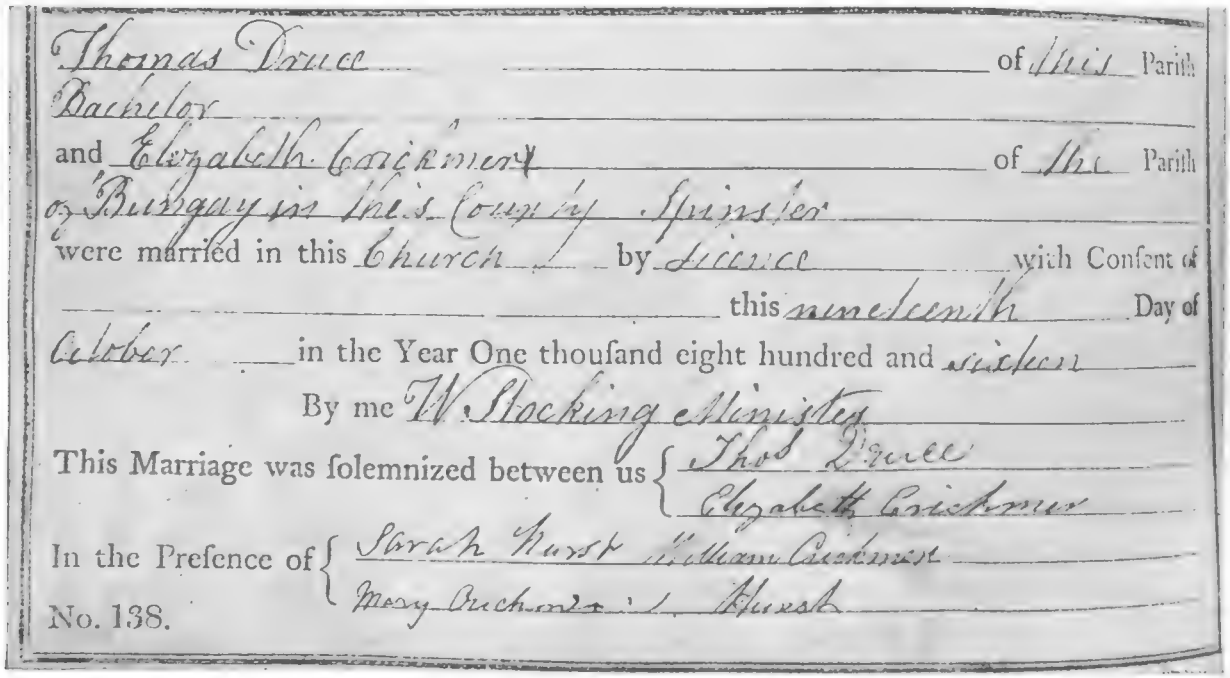


The above table shows at a glance the alleged family history on which the Druce claim is based

A Mystery Centred Round a Coffin

If the romance of the claim centres round the estates and the millions, the mystery centres round this coffin. If it contained the actual body of Thomas Charles Druce, then Druce could not possibly be the Duke, who did not die until 1879. Permission to open the vault was obtained in the earlier proceedings brought by Mrs. Anna Druce, before the present claimant had come forward, but this was successfully opposed in every instance.

What is in that coffin? Here is an



Thomas Druce of this Parish
Bachelor
and Elizabeth Crickmer of this Parish
of Bury in this County Spinster
were married in this Church by Licence with Consent of
this nineteenth Day of
October in the Year One thousand eight hundred and sixteen
By me W. Stocking Minister
This Marriage was solemnized between us { Thos Druce / Elizabeth Crickmer
In the Presence of { Sarah Hurst / William Crickmer / Mary Crickmer / Hurst
No. 138.

Original entry in the register of marriages at Bury St. Edmunds of Thomas Druce to Elizabeth Crickmer, with signatures of witnesses

Was He the Duke?

Mr. Thomas Druce whom the Claimant alleges to have b en the same person as the ifth Duke of Portland

account of the whole affair by Mrs. Hamilton, a god-daughter of the fourth Duke of Portland, who avers that, according to her personal knowledge, the fifth Duke of Portland and Thomas Charles Druce were one and the same person. This is her account of the burial:

Before December, 1864, "Druce" became filled with a desire to sink his identity as "Druce," and said to my father, "I

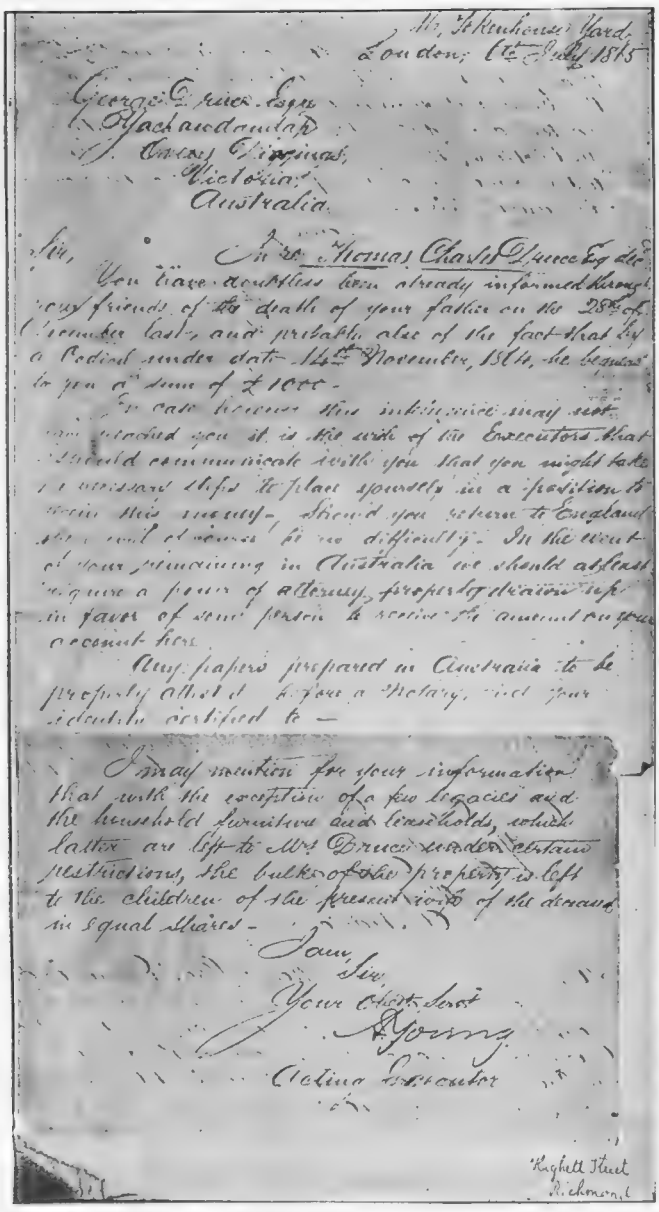
must die," and suggested a mock burial for himself. My father besought him not to adopt such a course, but unavailingly. When the sham burial took place, my father was present. On his return, my father said to me, "It's gone off better than I expected, though I don't know how they took the coffin without any certificate. I tried to prevent Portland, but he would do it. There will be a terrible *expose* some day, and if ever they get the coffin up, they will, of course, be floored; but, anyhow, I prevented him putting the corpse of another person in the coffin. It is better to put lead in or anything rather than the corpse of another person." I replied, "Oh! how could you do such a thing?" My father answered, "I'd do anything for Portland."

Mrs. Hamilton states that the Duke used to put on a false wig and whiskers when he wished to conceal his identity. She saw him repeatedly after the date of his "death," the last time being in 1876. The photograph that is given is one identified by Mrs. Hamilton as that of the person she knew both as the Duke of Portland and Mr. T. C. Druce of the Baker Street Bazaar.

One curious fact about the original Thomas Charles Druce is that, prior to his sudden appearance at Bury St. Edmunds and his marriage, no trace of his existence has ever been found. No one has ever been able to discover any record either of his birth or his baptism. Old Mr. Druce used to tell his wife that he had dropped from the clouds, and had neither father nor mother, sister nor brother.

Lord George Cavendish Bentinck
Brother of fifth Duke

Mr. Herbert Druce
Now proprietor of Baker Street Bazaar; a son of T. C. Druce



A document which will figure in the case

Letter from Mr. Alex Young (firm of Turquands, Young and Co.) to George Druce, son of Thomas Druce and Elizabeth Crickmer, intimating legacy of £1,000, left by will of Thos. Charles Druce

A certain natural affliction adds weight to the list of coincidences. The older members of the Portland family were victims of an acute skin disease. The fifth Duke is known to have been a particular sufferer in this respect, and, curiously enough, the same disease is found in the family of the claimant. His father suffered from it, and his children do also, though he has escaped it.

The list of coincidences could be multiplied almost to any extent. The fifth Duke was in the habit of tying his trousers with string, much as navvies do at the present time. The same habit was a marked characteristic of T. C. Druce. Both Druce and the Duke were known to be small eaters, and both had a marked aversion to most kinds of animal food. Both had a mania for tunnelling operations, underground excavations being made wherever Druce had property, while the miles and miles of subterranean tunnels are one of the most famous features of the Welbeck grounds.

Both men were remarkably secretive in their habits. Druce would never see any person on business at Baker Street. The Duke would only see a few selected persons, refusing even to see his own lawyers, and giving them instructions by deputy, as a rule.

Mysterious Journeys

One mysterious order to the Welbeck coachman was that he had to drive to Worksop station at a certain hour every day, in time to meet the train from London. Similarly he had to drive to the station in time to catch the train for London. The carriage had to be left each night in such a condition that it could be used in the morning without any preparation. The coachman never knew whether or not he were driving an empty carriage to and from the station, as the blinds were invariably drawn, and he was never allowed to open the door to see whether the Duke was there or not.

On one occasion the coachman received instructions, not from the Duke, to put the carriage on the London train. He did so,

The Famous Druce Case

Mrs. Anna Maria Druce

Widow of Walter Thomas Druce, who claimed the estates in 1808 for her son, Sidney George Druce

and went by train himself. On arriving at London, horses were harnessed to the carriage. On the journey to the Duke's town house, the coachman pulled up for a moment at a tavern for refreshment. He was almost startled out of his wits by hearing the Duke's voice angrily asking him what he was stopping for. The Duke had been in the carriage the whole time.

Whether these eccentricities, many of them unusual and remarkable, were the attributes of one man masquerading under two distinct personalties, or whether they were mere coincidences, will be known when the impending case has been thoroughly thrashed out in the Courts or in the House of Lords, whichever tribunal has the decision of the matter.

G. H. Druce, Ltd.

It is interesting to note the personality of the present claimant, Mr. G. H. Druce, who is just fifty years old. He was born at Campbell's Creek, near Castlemaine, in the State of Victoria, Australia. His earliest years were spent on a pioneer farm under primitive conditions.

His own trade is that of a carpenter and joiner, which he followed for many years in Melbourne. He is also an expert mechanical engineer.

Mr. Druce's appearance is that of a typical Australian, thoroughly in earnest about everything; and, though quiet and unobtrusive, he impresses those who meet him as a man forceful and determined. He is a widower, and has a family of six children, three girls and three boys.

Mrs. Annie May Druce

Second wife of T. C. Druce

The actual rights of the claimant have been taken over by a limited liability company, with a capital of £11,000, in which Mr. Druce retains the greater portion of the shares, the others being offered for public subscription. Considerable dealings have already been made on the Stock Exchange. By the constitution of the company a successful end to the claim means a return of one hundred times the money invested. Should the case go against the claimant, investors will lose their money.

Mr. Druce himself would be glad to have the vault opened and its secret mystery solved. There can be no stronger proof against his claim, considering all the evidence that has been adduced, than to find in that vault a coffin containing a body that would correspond to that of Thomas Charles Druce.

Photo by *Kirk*

A view of Welbeck Abbey, the residence of the Duke of Portland

Pretty Pantomime "Stars"

Photo by *Johnston and Hoffmann*

Miss Katie Vesey

Principal Boy in "Cinderella" at the Coronet Theatre

Photo by *Hana, Ltd.*

Miss Lil Hawthorne

Principal Boy at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester

Photo by *Warwick Brookes*

Miss Millie Lindon

Principal Boy at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Queenie Leighton

Principal Boy in "Cinderella" at Drury Lane. Miss Leighton has appeared in several Gaiety pieces, one of her notable performances being the Spanish woman in *The Toreador*

Pretty Pantomime "Stars"

Photo by *Warwick Brookes*

Miss Hilda Jacobsen

Principal Boy at the Grand Theatre, Leeds. Miss Jacobsen is a cousin of Miss Julia Neilsen, and of Miss Lily and Hilda Hanbury

Photo by] **Miss Phyllis Dare** *[Bassano*

The "Cinderella" at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle. Miss Dare has been playing her sister's (Miss Zena Dare's) rôle, Angela, in *The Catch of the Season*

Photo by *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Al Reeve

Who will star at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham. Miss Reeve is an artiste equally at home in pantomime, musical comedy, and comedy

Photo by *Bennett*

Miss Carrie Moore

Who will star as "Aladdin" at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Miss Moore made a decided hit in *The Blue Moon*, at the Lyric Theatre

The Sultan Again!

A GLIMPSE OF CONSTANTINOPLE, WHERE TURKISH "MISRULE" IS MADE

Turkey has once again drawn on itself the eyes, and some dozen or so of the warships, of the world, thanks to the obduracy of the Imperial recluse who dwells in the mysterious palace of Yildiz. That harm will come to Constantinople as a result, however, is about as likely as that it would come to Rome, Athens, or Venice, for the Turkish capital is, spectacularly, one of the glories of the world. It is a standing tribute to the sense of "site" of its builder, Constantine the Great. Bounded on all sides by water—the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn—the city rises proudly on a ridge of hills, displaying in a gorgeous panorama of palaces, mosques, glittering domes, white cupolas, graceful terraces, and altogether looking like a place enchanted. Seen either at sunrise or sunset, from a ship on either the sea or the straits, it offers a view so magnificent that the traveller is softened into a sweet forgetfulness that it is the centre of what is called Turkish misrule.

Misrule, indeed! It is difficult to find in Constantinople signs of government of any kind. It is essentially a "go-as-you-please" city, delightfully oblivious of all responsibility. Each section of its population has its own quarter, and the geographical situation of the city makes their division easy. For instance, Stamboul, the real Turkish capital, occupies the southern side of the Golden Horn. There are the great mosques, the Porte and the government offices, the bazaars, the native cafés

The European quarter of Constantinople

Looking down the Grand Rue de Pera, where are the chief European shops, cafés, and the opera house. It is the best street in the capital, standing at a great height, but badly paved and lighted, and thronged with a very mixed concourse of people

View of Stamboul, the native city

Stamboul—supposed to be a native abbreviation of Constantinople—is separated from Pera and Galata by the Golden Horn. It contains the chief mosques, of which S. Sophia is seen to the right, the Sublime Porte close to it on the left, the Bazaars, and the chief Turkish residences

Where the Turk Does Business

A "thoroughfare" in Galata, the business quarter of Constantinople

Galata lies on the left bank of the Golden Horn, and is the arrival place of vessels, the port, and the commercial district of Constantinople. As it stands at the foot of a ridge of hills, the streets are either steps like the above, or steep inclines, with the result that traffic only moves with difficulty and great danger

and restaurants. There a Turk is "at home" to you, is glad to see you, will respect you, provided you mind your own business—especially as regards the veiled ladies of his *harem* who may be seen in the streets—and keep out of the place after dark unless you have an escort.

"Christian" Constantinople lies on the north of the Golden Horn, and has two sections, Galata and Pera, which are, again, geographically distinct, the latter lying below and the former on the summit of a ridge of hills. Galata is the commercial and business district, where are the wharves, the banks, and offices. Such business as is transacted in Constantinople is done—over a lot of coffee and many cigarettes—in this quarter.

Galata is the meeting place of the nations. Its streets, or rather its alleys, are thronged with the maddest medley of people — Europeans, Turks, Armenians, Persians, beggars, fruit-sellers, *hamals*, or street porters, and everywhere run packs of pariah dogs of evil appearance and large appetite.

Diversions are many in Constantinople. "Sights" are innumerable. One can drop in and witness dancing or howling Dervishes at their weekly orgies; there is pleasant music discoursed in the Municipal Garden to the accompaniment of coffee, *mastik*, and a "hookah" or narghileh. One may visit the mosques—of which there are over two hundred, S. Sophia being the grandest—provided one removes one's boots, or wears covers over one's profane feet; there are the bazaars, the Treasury, the Galata Tower, and other sights to gratify the jaded eye, while every Friday respectable and well-disposed persons with Ambassadorial permits may see Abdul Hamid drive to *Selamlik*, the religious ceremony which takes place at a mosque opposite the Yildiz Palace. And those who may be privileged to catch a glimpse of His Majesty will probably be astonished to see, not the thin, cadaverous, cowering figure of the spiteful English caricature, but a somewhat portly, well set-up, genial-looking gentleman, with a rather full grey-streaked beard, who presents as affable,

Summer quarters of the British Embassy on the Bosphorus

In the summer, Society migrates up stream to Therapia, and other villages at the side of the Bosphorus. The British Embassy is beautifully situated at the former place, the officials travelling to and fro in a British gunboat, in the Ambassadorial *caique*, or rowing boat, or in a packet steamer, one of which is seen approaching

To reach Galata, one crosses the ramshackle wooden bridge from Stamboul. The bridge is one of the most cosmopolitan thoroughfares in the world, and one of the most uncomfortable. The human traffic which passes to and fro daily comprises almost every nationality under the sun, and in five minutes we witness a procession more varied in colour and costume than any pantomime show. A walk across the bridge is a walk of wonder.

The ascent from Galata to Pera is made by steep winding roads, by rows of steps such as that shown in our page illustration, or by taking the electric lift-railway, which deposits one at the beginning of the Grande Rue de Pera. Here we breathe again, for we are in a district—not a very clean one, perhaps—of shops, cafés, restaurants, hotels, arcades. The Grande Rue de Pera is narrow at its start, and extremely uncomfortable to the foot, but as one gets further along it, it grows more and more civilised, until, at the junction with the tram-lines, it is almost equal to a street in a third-rate Italian seaport.

smiling an appearance, when driving through a crowd, as any monarch living.

The Yildiz Kiosk, of which so much is spoken, lies on the top of one of the hills outside Pera, and commands, perhaps, the most majestic view of any Royal Palace in the world, overlooking the winding Bosphorus, with its noble, wooded banks, which are dotted with palaces and mosques of an architectural charm which make this stream spectacularly the superior of the Rhine.

Residence in Constantinople induces a curious indulgence towards those Turkish enormities of which Exeter Hall is so eloquent. This does not mean that Britons sympathise with misgovernment, but only that a certain Oriental tolerance of the irregular seizes one in Turkey, known locally as "mental mirage." Corruption, in Western lands a political vice, seems reasonable and natural in Turkey, because the Turk is such a "child in these matters," and combines a certain innocence with considerable charm, personal attractiveness, unimpeachable manners, and lordly hospitality.

VIVIAN CARTER.

By Field, Stream, and Covert

(This is the last week in which photographs sent in for our Hunt Competition will be used. Next week we shall announce the winner of our Pony Car or Luggage Float for the best series of photographs submitted, as announced in our previous issues)

Good Scenting Conditions After the Frost

After a temporary cessation of work in the third week of November, brought about by the brief visitation of frost, hounds started again with redoubled zest, some of the best runs of the season, so far as it has progressed, being enjoyed in certain countries immediately following the resumption. The southerly wind and the accompanying moisture seemed to bring with them very favourable scenting conditions, this being the case not only in the Shires and generally in England, but also in Ireland, where the Meath Hounds have been showing excellent sport to large and fashionable fields. On no two successive days of the season have so many good runs been recorded as on the 23rd and the 24th ult. There was something in the atmosphere on those days which enabled hounds to hunt their foxes with exceptional persistency.

Fine Runs with the Ledbury and the V.W.H.

The Ledbury were performing, figuratively speaking, before a critical audience on the 23rd, among their field being two neighbouring Masters of Hounds, namely, Sir William Cooke, from the North Herefordshire, and Mr. Gerald Dudley Smith, from the Croome. The best gallop was with a fox from Berrow Wood, and when he got to ground near Pendock School he had stood before them for ninety-five minutes. Hunting with Earl Bathurst's pack on the day mentioned were Lord and Lady Grantley, the Rajah of Sarawak, Lord and Lady Suffolk, etc. Their fox was found in one of the coverts near Somerford, and straight-necked customer that he was, he strode out bravely across the cream of the Cirencester and Cricklade countries into the dominion of the Duke of Beaufort, where he beat hounds at Rodmarton, after having made a nine-mile point.

W. Barnard

Huntsman to Mr. George Fitzwilliam's Hounds, with two cubs taken out of the Fens. Barnard first saw service under the famous George Carter

(*Competition photo by* Mrs. Fitzwilliam, *Milton, Peterborough. Prize*, 5s.)

With the Fitzwilliam

As might have been expected, followers of Mr. George Fitzwilliam's magnificent pack enjoyed their share of the good sport which followed the frost, and these hounds are fully redeeming the promise of a successful season given during cub-hunting. The foxes bred in the Fens are famous for their stout running powers, and the brace of cubs which Will Barnard is handling affectionately in our illustration are of the right sort to give some good runs later on. Mr. George Fitzwilliam has the advantage of a thoroughly capable huntsman. Barnard has seen service in the V.W.H., the Croome, and the Pembrokeshire

Earl Fitzwilliam's Hounds at Wentworth Woodhouse, Rotherham

Competition photo by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, *Milton, Peterborough. Prize*, 5s.)

MEET OF LORD ZETLAND'S HOUNDS AT ASKE, RICHMOND, YORKS.

These hounds have hunted under the same Master, huntsman, and first whip for thirty years

(Competition photo by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, *Milton, Peterborough. Prize, £1 1s.)*

The First Meet this year at the Kennels of Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds: Moving off to covert
(Competition photo by H. G. Swinev, *Sandford Lawn, Cheltenham. Prize, 5s.)*

countries, but he learnt most of his knowledge of hounds in the Fitzwilliam country. He had four seasons under the famous George Carter, who was at the Milton kennels for forty-one years, first as whipper-in and then as huntsman, doing a great deal by his system of breeding and drafting to bring the pack to its present state of excellence.

A Noted Yorkshire Pack

From Mr. George Fitzwilliam's pack to that hunted by Earl Fitzwilliam in Yorkshire is an easy transition, for the one is virtually an offshoot of the other. It is considered possible that the country hunted by the Fitzwilliam family originally extended from Sheffield to Peterborough, but of that there is no actual evidence, and hunting history merely records the fact that the Milton kennels were built by the third Earl Fitzwilliam as far back as the year 1750. Each year he took the hounds to the family estate of Wentworth Woodhouse, in Yorkshire, for the cub-hunting, and so did the fourth and fifth Earls. It was that grand old sportsman, the late Earl Fitzwilliam, who founded the present Yorkshire pack, and though the country over the coal mines and wilds of this side of the broad-acred county is not exactly an ideal one for fox-hunting, he soon formed a splendid pack of hounds, and showed rare sport with them in view of the cramped nature of the district. When the late Earl passed away, a few years ago, his grandson succeeded him in the title and estates, and is proving as keen a fox-hunter as the preceding heads of this powerful Yorkshire house.

Dart Vale Harriers at Longcombe Cross, near Totnes, on November 6
The Master, Mr. Leigh Densham, is mounted, on the right
(Competition photo by Carslake Winter Wood, *Paignton. Prize, 5s.)*

A Hunting Record

Our full-page photograph, another product of the busy and judiciously handled camera of Mrs Fitzwilliam, shows the Marquis of Zetland's Foxhounds before the seat of his lordship at Aske, where the season opened in accordance with the custom of many years. Lord Zetland is one of the decreasing number of Masters who hunt their country without a subscription, and everything in connection with his pack is done on a liberal scale. This is his lordship's thirtieth season in the Mastership, and though there are Masters who have exceeded that lengthy tenure in office, it is a unique fact, as he himself has pointed out with pride, that for thirty years the Zetland Hounds have had the same Master, the same huntsman, and the same first whip. The noble M.F.H. added that every one of them was young yet, and had no intention of giving up. Unfortunately, the huntsman, Bridger Champion, was too indisposed to take up his duties at the opening of the present season, and Lord Zetland engaged James Dawson, formerly of the Woodland Pytchley, to carry the horn. Lord Fitzhardinge, whose hounds are depicted moving off to covert after a meet at the kennels, resembles the Marquis of Zetland and Earl Fitzwilliam in hunting his pack without a subscription. Some details of the historic Berkeley country were given in last week's issue of THE BYSTANDER.

Lord Southampton, the new Master of the Grafton Hounds

(*Competition photo by* MISS GRAZEBROOK, *Shinford, Banbury. Prize, 5s.*)

Dart Vale and Grafton

Devonshire hunting people will be interested in our photograph of the Dart Vale Harriers, one of the oldest established packs in the south of the county. The portrait of Lord Southampton is extremely appropriate, for the Grafton Hounds have been doing remarkably well under his command since regular hunting started. Grafton men are not easy to please in the ordinary way, but they are rejoicing in the possession of a Master who is well qualified to rank as one of the best amateur huntsmen in the kingdom.

The Calpé Hounds

In the old days regiments stationed at Gibraltar maintained the pack known as the Calpé Hounds, but there were financial reasons why this arrangement could not be continued after the season of 1894. Happily, a popular and very keen local sportsman was at hand to save the situation. This was Senor Pablo Larios, who owns considerable landed property in the neighbourhood of Malaga and Gibraltar, and consequently the hounds hunt most of their foxes on his land. There are forty-five couples of hounds, and hunting days are three a week. A. W. C.

[Advertisement.]—GLOVES UNAFFECTED BY WET.—A glove, intended primarily for driving and riding, and called the "Quorn Hunt" Glove, which is claimed to be unaffected by wet, is being made by Mr. Macintosh, 89, New Street, Birmingham. It is hand-sewn, with double thread, and has been adopted by most masters of foxhounds, etc. It is the cheapest and best glove made for Hunting, the price being 2s. 11d., or 3s. post free.

Photo by *Horace Wyndham*

The Calpé Hunt at Gibraltar

Senor Pablo Larios, the Master, a large landed proprietor of the settlement, with Hunt servants and pack at the kennels

A Miscarriage of Justice

"'T WASN'T ME"

DRAWN BY HARRY ROWNTREE

More Like "A Winter's Tale"

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Lily Brayton, the Helena of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—in anything but the costume of the part

THE DRESS CLOTHES OF MONSIEUR POMPONNET

By LEONARD MERRICK

Author of "The Worldlings," "The Actor-Manager," etc.

It was thanks to Touquet that she was able to look so *chic*—the little baggage!—yet of all her suitors Touquet was the one she favoured least. He was the costumier at the corner of the Rue des Martyrs, and made a very fair thing of the second-hand clothes. It was to Touquet's that the tradesmen of the Quarter turned as a matter of course to hire dress-suits for their nuptials; it was in the well-cleaned satins of Touquet's that the brides' mothers and the lady guests cut such imposing figures when they were photographed after the wedding breakfasts; it was even Touquet who sometimes supplied a gown to one or another of the humble actresses at the Théâtre Montmartre, and received a couple of free tickets in addition to his fee. I tell you that Touquet was not a person to be sneezed at, though he had passed the first flush of youth, and was never an Adonis.

Besides, who was she, this little Lisette, who had the impudence to flout him? A girl in a florist's, if you can believe me, with no particular beauty herself, and not a sou by way of dot! And yet—one must confess it—she turned a head as swiftly as she made a "buttonhole"; and Pomponnet, the pastrycook, was paying court to her, too—to say nothing of the homage of Messieurs Tricotrin, the poet, and Goujaud, the painter, and Lajeunie, the novelist. You would never have guessed that her wages were only twenty francs a week, as you watched her valse with Tricotrin at the ball on Saturday evening, or as you saw her enter Pomponnet's shop when the shutters were up on Sunday afternoon, to feast on his strawberry tarts. Her costumes were the cynosure of the Boulevard Rochechouart!

And they were all due to Touquet, Touquet the infatuated, who lent the fine feathers to her for the sake of a glance, or a pressure of the hand—and wept on his counter afterwards while he wondered whose arms might be embracing her in the costumes that he had cleaned and pressed with so much care. Often he swore that his folly should end—that she should be affianced to him, or go shabby; but, lo! in a day or two she would make her appearance again, to coax for the loan of a smart blouse, or "that hat with the mass of geraniums and the brilliant buckle"—and Touquet would be as weak as ever.

Judge, then, of his despair when he heard that she had agreed to marry Pomponnet! She told him the news with the air of an amiable gossip when she came to return a ball-dress that she had borrowed;

"*Enfin*," she said—perched on the counter, and swinging her remorseless feet—"it is arranged; I desert the flowers for the pastry, and become the mistress of a shop. I shall have to beg from my good friend Monsieur Touquet no more—not at all! I shall be his client, like the rest. It will be better, *hein?*"

Touquet groaned. "You know well, Lisette," he answered, "that it has been a joy to me to place the stock at your disposal, even though it was to make you more attractive in the eyes of other men. Everything here that you have worn possesses a charm to me. I fondle the garments when you bring them back; I take them down from the pegs and dream over them. Truly! There is no limit to my weakness, for often when a customer proposes to hire a frock that you have had, I cannot bear that she should profane it, and I say that it is engaged."

"You dear, kind Monsieur Touquet," murmured the coquette; "how agreeable you are!"

"I have always hoped for the day when the stock would be all your own, Lisette! And by and by we might have removed to a better position—even down the hill. Who knows? We might have opened a business in the Madeleine Quarter! That would suit you better than a little cake shop up a side street? And I would have risked it for you—I know how you incline to fashion. When I have taken you to a theatre, did you choose the Montmartre—where we might have gone for nothing—or the Belleville? Not you—that might do for other girls! *You* have always demanded the theatres of the Grands Boulevards; a cup of coffee at the Café de la Paix is more to your taste than a *bock* and three hard-boiled eggs at 'The Purple Monkey.' Heaven knows I trust you will be happy, but I cannot persuade myself that this Pomponnet shares your ambitions; with his slum and his stale pastry he is quite content."

"It is not stale," she said.

"Well, we will pass his pastry—though, word of honour, I bought some there last week that might have been baked before the Commune; but to recur to his soul, is it an affinity?"

"Affinities are always hard-up," she pouted.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"Bah!" exclaimed Touquet, "now your mind is running on that Gustave Tricotrin—by 'affinities' I do not mean hungry poets! Why not have entrusted your happiness to *me?* I adore you; I have told you a thousand times that I adore you. Lisette, consider before it is too late! You cannot love this—this obscure baker?"

She gave a shrug. "It is a fact that devotion has not robbed me of my appetite," she confessed. "But what would you have? His business goes far better than you imagine. I have seen his books; and, anyhow, my sentiment for you is friendship, and no more."

"To the devil with friendship!" cried the unhappy wardrobe-dealer; "did I dress you like the Empress Josephine for friendship?"

"Do not mock yourself of it," she said reprovingly; "remember that 'Friendship is a beautiful flower, of which esteem is the root.'" And, having thrown the adage to him, coupled with a glance that drove him to distraction, the little flirt jumped off the counter and was gone.

Much more wistfully she contemplated parting with him whom the costumier had described as a "hungry poet"; but matrimony did not enter into the poet's scheme of things, nor for that matter had she ever regarded him as a possible *parti*. Yet a woman may give her fancy where her reason refuses to follow, and when she imparted her news to Tricotrin, there was no smile on her lips.

"We shall not go to balls any more, old dear," she said. "Monsieur Pomponnet has proposed marriage to me—and I range myself."

"Heartless girl," exclaimed the young man, with tears in his eyes. "So much for woman's constancy!"

"*Mon Dieu*," she faltered, "did you then love me, Gustave—really?"

"I do not know," said Tricotrin, "but since I am to lose you, I prefer to think so. Oh, do not grieve for me—fortunately, there is always the Seine! And first I shall pour my misery into song; and in years to come, fair daughters at your side will read the deathless poem, little dreaming that the Lisette I sang to is their mother. Some time—long after I am in my grave, when France has honoured me at last—you may stand before a statue that bears my name, and think, 'He loved me, and I broke his heart!'"

"Oh," she whimpered, "rather than break your heart I—I might break the engagement! I might consider again, Gustave."

"No, no," returned Tricotrin, "I will not reproach myself with the thought that I have marred your life; I will leave you free! Besides, as I say, I am not certain that I should want you so much but for the fact that I have lost you. After all, you will not appreciate the poem that immortalises you, and if I lived, many of your remarks about it would be sure to irritate me."

"Why shall I not appreciate it? Am I so stupid?"

"It is not that you are stupid, my Soul," he explained; "it is that I am transcendentally clever. To understand the virtues of my work one must have sipped from all the flowers of Literature; 'There is to be found in it Racine, Voltaire, Flaubert, Renan—and always Gustave Tricotrin,' as Lemaître has written. He wrote, '— and always Anatole France,' but I paraphrase him slightly. So you are going to marry Pomponnet? *Mon Dieu*, when I have any sous in my pocket, I will ruin myself for the rapture of regretting you among the pastry!"

"I thought," she said, a little mortified, "that you were going to drown yourself?"

'Am I not to write my Lament to you? I must eat while I write it—why not pastry? Also, when I am penniless and starving, you may sometimes, in your prosperity——And yet, perhaps, it is too much to ask!"

"Grant you credit, do you mean? Oh, yes, Gustave, how can you doubt that I would do that? In memory of——"

"In memory of the love that has been, you will allow me to run up a small score for cakes, will you not, Lisette?"

"I will, indeed!" she promised. "But, but—— Oh, it's quite true, I should never understand you! A minute ago you made me think of you in the Morgue, and now you make me think of you in the cake shop. What are you laughing at?"

"I laugh; like Figaro," said Tricotrin, "that I may not be obliged to weep. When are you going to throw yourself away, my little Lisette? Has my accursed rival induced you to fix a date?"

"We are to be married in a fortnight's time," she said. "And if you could undertake to be sensible, I would ask Alphonse to invite you to the breakfast."

"In a fortnight's time hunger and a hopeless passion will probably have made an end of me," replied the poet; "however, if I survive, the breakfast would certainly be welcome. Where is it to be held? I can recommend a restaurant that is especially fine at such affairs, and most moderate. 'Photographs of the party are taken gratuitously in the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and pianos are at the disposal of the ladies'; I quote from the menu. I study it in the window every time I pass. There are wedding breakfasts from six to twelve francs per head. At six francs, the party have their choice of two soups and three hors d'œuvres. Then comes 'poisson'—I fear it may be whiting—with sauce crevettes, filet de bœuf with tomates farcies, bouchées à la Reine, chicken, pigeons, salad, two vegetables, an ice, assorted fruits, and biscuits. The wines are Madeira, a bottle of Macon to each person, a bottle of Bordeaux among four persons, and a bottle of champagne among ten persons. Also coffee and liqueurs. At six francs a head! It is good, *hein?* At seven francs there is a bottle of champagne among every eight persons—Pomponnet will, of course, do as he thinks best. At eight francs, a bottle is provided for every six persons. I have too much delicacy to make suggestions, but should he be willing to soar to twelve francs a head, I might eat enough to last a week—and of such quality! The soups would then be bisque d'ecrevisse and consommé Rachel. Truite saumonée Joinville would appear! Asparagus 'in branches,' and compote pêches marasquin would be included. Also, in the twelve-franc breakfast, the champagne begins to have a human name on the label!"

Now, it is not certain how much of this information Lisette repeated to Pomponnet, but Pomponnet,

"Enfin," she said—perched on the counter, and swinging her remorseless feet—"it is arranged; I desert the flowers for the pastry, and become the mistress of a shop"

having a will of his own, refused to entertain M. Tricotrin at any price at all. Moreover, he found it unconventional that she should desire the poet's company, considering the attentions that he had paid her; and she was forced to listen, with an air of humility which she was far from feeling, to a lecture on the responsibilities of her new position.

"I am not a jealous man," said the pastrycook, who was as jealous a man as ever baked a pie, "but it would be discreet that you dropped this acquaintance now that we are engaged. I know well that you have never taken the addresses of such a fellow seriously, and that it is only in the goodness of your heart that you wish to present him with a blow-out. Nevertheless, the betrothal of a man in my circumstances is much remarked; all the daughters of the hairdresser next door have had their hopes of me—indeed, there is scarcely a neighbour who is not chagrined at the turn events have taken—and the world would be only too glad of an excuse to call me 'fool.' Pomponnet's wife must be above suspicion. You will remember that a little lightness of conduct which might be forgiven in the employée of the florist would be unseemly in my fiancée. No more conversation with Monsieur Tricotrin, Lisette! Some dignity—some coldness in the bow when you pass him. The Boulevard will observe it, it will be approved."

"You, of course, know best, my dear Alphonse," she returned meekly; "I am only an inexperienced girl, and I am thankful to have your advice to guide me. But let me say that never, never has there been any 'lightness of conduct' to distress you. Monsieur Tricotrin and I have been merely friends! If I have gone to a ball with him sometimes—and I acknowledge that has happened—it has been because

nobody more to my taste has offered to take me.' She had ground her little teeth under the infliction of his homily, and it was only by dint of thinking hard of his profits that she abstained from retorting that he might marry the daughters of the hairdresser and go to Uganda.

However, during the next week or so, she did not chance to meet the poet on the Boulevard, and since she wished to conquer her tenderness for him, one cannot doubt that all would have been well but for the editor of *Le Demi-Mot*. By a freak of fate, the editor of *Le Demi-Mot* was moved to invite M. Tricotrin to dine at his house two days previous to the wedding. What followed? Naturally Tricotrin must present himself in evening dress. Naturally, also, he must go to Touquet's to hire the suit.

"Regard," said the costumier, "here is a suit that I have just acquired. Monsieur will observe that it is of the most distinguished cut—quite in the latest fashion. I will whisper to Monsieur that it comes to me through the valet of the Comte de Château-Leroy!"

"*Mon Dieu*," said Tricotrin, "let me try it on!" And he was so gratified by his appearance in it that he barely winced at the thought of the expense. "I am improving my position," he soliloquised; "if I have not precisely inherited the mantle of Victor Hugo, I have, at any rate, hired the dress-suit of the Comte de Château-Leroy!"

Never had a more impressive spectacle been witnessed in Montmartre than Tricotrin's departure from his lodging in the Rue des Trois Frères shortly after six o'clock. Wearing a shirt of Pitou's, Flamant's patent-leather boots, and a white tie contributed by Goujaud, the young man sallied forth with the deportment of the Count himself. Only one thing more did he desire—a flower for his buttonhole; and Lisette remained in her situation until the morrow! What more natural, finally, than that he should hie to the florist's?

It was the first time that she had seen her lover in evening dress, and sentiment overpowered her as he entered.

"Thou!" she murmured, paling.

On the poet, too, the influence of the clothes was very strong; attired like a *jeune premier*, he craved with all the dramatic instinct of his nature for a love scene; and, instead of fulfilling his intention to beg for a rosebud at cost price, he gazed at her soulfully, and breathed "Lisette!"

"So we have met again!" she said.

"The world is small," returned the poet, oblivious of the fact that he had come to the shop. "And am I yet remembered?"

"It is not likely I should forget you in a few days," she said, more practically; "I didn't forget about the breakfast, either, but Alphonse put his foot down."

"Pig!" said the poet. "And yet it may be better so! How could I eat in such an hour?"

"However, you are not disconsolate this evening?" she suggested. "*Mon Dieu*, what a swell you are!"

"Bah! some fashionable assembly that will bore me beyond endurance!" he sighed. "With you, alone, Lisette, have I known true happiness—the tram rides on summer nights that were joyous because we loved, the simple meals that were sweetened by your smiles!"

"Oh, Gustave!" she said. "Wait, I must give you a flower for your coat!"

"I shall keep it all my life!" vowed Tricotrin. "Tell me, little one—I dare not stay now, because my host lives a long way off—but this evening, could we not meet once again? For the last time, to say farewell? I have nearly two francs fifty, and we might go to supper, if you agree."

It was arranged before he took leave of her that she should meet him outside the *débit* at the corner of the Rue de Sontay at eleven o'clock, and sup with him there, in a locality where she was unlikely to be recognised. Rash enough, this conduct, for a young woman who was to be married to another man on the next day but one! But a greater imprudence was to follow. They supped, they sentimentalised, and when they parted in the Champs Elysées and the moonshine, she gave to him from her bosom a little rose-coloured envelope that contained nothing less than a lock of her hair.

The poet placed it tenderly in his waistcoat pocket; and, after he had wept, and quoted poetry to the stars, forgot it. He began to wish that he had not mixed his liquors quite so impartially; and, on the morrow, when he woke, he was mindful of nothing more grievous than a splitting headache.

Now Touquet, who could not sleep of nights because the pastrycook was going to marry Lisette, made a practice of examining the pockets of all garments returned to him, with an eye to stray sous; and when he proceeded to examine the pockets of the dress-suit returned by M. Tricotrin, what befel but that he drew forth a rose-tinted envelope containing a tress of hair, and inscribed, "To Gustave, from Lisette. Adieu."

And the editor who invited M. Tricotrin had never heard of Lisette; never heard of Pomponnet; did not know that such a person as Touquet existed; yet the editorial caprice had manipulated destinies. How powerful are editors! How complicated is life!

But a truce to philosophy—let us deal with the emotions of the soul! The shop reeled before Touquet. All the good and the bad in his character battled tumultuously. In one moment he aspired to be generous and restore to Lisette the evidence of her guilt; in the next he sunk to the base thought of displaying it to Pomponnet and breaking off the match The discovery fired his brain. No longer was he a nonentity, the "odd man out"—chance had transformed him to the master of the situation. Full well he knew that there would be no nuptials next day were Pomponnet aware of his fiancée's perfidy; it needed but to go to him, to say, "Monsieur, my sense of duty compels me to inform you——" How easy it would be! He laughed hysterically.

But Lisette would never pardon such a meanness—she would always despise and hate him! He would have torn her from his rival's arms, it was true, yet his own would still be empty. "Ah, Lisette, Lisette!" groaned the wretched man; and, swept to the evil by the force of passion, he cudgelled his mind to devise some piece of trickery, some diabolical artifice, by which the incriminating token might be placed in the pastrycook's hands as if by accident.

The Unrehearsed Carol

"All things come round to him who will but wait."—*Tales of a Wayside Inn*

DRAWN BY HARRY ROWNTREE

And while he pondered — his "whole soul a chaos"—in that hour Pomponnet entered to hire a dress-suit for his wedding!

Touquet raised his head, blanched to the lips.

"Regard," he said, with a forced calm terrible to behold; "here is a suit that I have just acquired. Monsieur will observe that it is of the most distinguished cut—quite in the latest fashion. I will whisper to Monsieur that it comes to me through the valet of the Comte de Château-Leroy." And, unseen by the guileless bridegroom, he slipped the damning proof into a pocket of the trousers, where his knowledge of the pastrycook's attitudes assured him that it was even more certain to be found than in the waistcoat.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the other, duly impressed by the suit's pedigree; "let me try it on. . . . The coat is rather tight," he complained, "but it has undeniably an air!"

"No more than one customer has worn it," gasped the wardrobe-dealer, haggardly: "*Monsieur Gustave Tricotrin, the poet, who hired it last night!* The suit is practically new; I have no other in the establishment to compare with it. Listen, Monsieur Pomponnet! To an old patron like yourself, I will be liberal; wear it this evening for an hour in your home—if you find it not to your figure, there will be time to make another selection before the ceremony to-morrow. You shall have this on trial, I will make no extra charge."

Such magnanimity was bound to have its effect, and five minutes later Touquet's plot had triumphed. But the tension had been frightful; the door had scarcely closed when he sank into a chair, trembling in every limb, and for the rest of the day he attended to his business like one moving in a trance.

Meanwhile, the unsuspecting Pomponnet reviewed the arrangement with considerable satisfaction; and when he came to attire himself, after the cake shop was shut, his reflected image pleased him so well that he was tempted to stroll abroad. He decided to call on his Betrothed, and to exhibit himself a little on the Boulevard. Accordingly, he put some money in the pocket of the waistcoat, soaped his silk hat, to give it an additional lustre, and sallied forth in high good humour.

"How splendid you look, my dear Alphonse!" exclaimed Lisette, little dreaming it was the same suit that she had approved on Tricotrin the previous evening.

Her innocent admiration was agreeable to Pomponnet; he patted her on the cheek.

"In truth," he said carelessly, "I had forgotten that I had it on! But I was so impatient for to-morrow, my pet angel, that I could not remain alone, and I had to come to see you."

They were talking on her doorstep, for she had no apartment in which it would have been *convenable* to entertain, and it appeared to him that the terrace of a café would be more congenial.

"Run upstairs and make your toilette, my loving duck," he suggested, "and I shall take you out for a *tasse*. While you are getting ready, I will smoke a cigar." And he drew his cigar-case from the breast-pocket of the coat, and took a match-box from the pocket where he had put his cash.

It was a balmy evening, sweet with the odour of spring, and the streets were full of life. As he promenaded with her on the boulevard, Pomponnet did not fail to remark the attention commanded by his costume. He strutted proudly, and when they reached the café and took their seats, he gave his order with all the authority of the President.

"*Mon Dieu,*" he remarked, "it is pleasant here, *hein?*" And then, stretching his legs, he thrust both his hands into the pockets of his trousers. "*Comment?*" he murmured. "What have I found? . . . Now is not this amusing—I swear it is a *billet-doux!*" He bent, chuckling, to the light—and bounded in his chair with an oath that turned a dozen heads towards them. "Traitress," roared Pomponnet, "miserable traitress! It is *your* name! It is your *writing*! It is your *hair*! Do not deny it; give me your head—it matches to a shade! Jezebel, last night you have met Monsieur Tricotrin—you have deceived me!"

Lisette, who had jumped as high as he in recognising the envelope, sat like one paralysed now. Her tongue refused to move. For the instant, the catastrophe seemed to her of supernatural agency—it was as if a miracle had happened, as she saw her fiancé produce her lover's keepsake. All she could stammer at last was:

"Let us go away—pay for the coffee!"

"I will not pay," shouted M. Pomponnet. "Pay for it yourself, jade—I have done with you!" And, leaving her spellbound at the table, he strode from the terrace like a madman before the waiters could stop him.

Oh, of course, he was well known in the café, and they did not detain Lisette, but it was a most ignominious position for a young woman. And there was no wedding next day, and everybody knew why. The little coquette, who had mocked suitors by the dozen, was jilted almost on the threshold of the *Mairie*. She smacked Tricotrin's face in the morning, but her humiliation was so acute that it demanded the salve of immediate marriage; and at the moment she could think of no one better than Touquet.

So Touquet won her after all; and though by this time she may guess how he accomplished it, he will tell you—word of honour!—that never, never has he had occasion for regret.

LEONARD MERRICK.

He strode from the terrace like a madman before the waiters could stop him

A Helpless Situation

By MARK TWAIN

Once or twice a year I get a letter of a certain pattern, a pattern that never materially changes in form and substance, yet I cannot get used to that letter—it always astonishes me. It affects me as the locomotive always affects me: I say to myself, "I have seen you a thousand times, you always look the same way, yet you are always a wonder, and you are always impossible; to contrive you is clearly beyond human genius—you can't exist, you don't exist, yet here you are!"

I have a letter of that kind by me, a very old one. I yearn to print it, and where is the harm? The writer of it is dead years ago, no doubt, and if I conceal her name and address—her this-world address—I am sure her shade will not mind. And with it I wish to print the answer which I wrote at the time but probably did not send. If it went—which is not likely—it went in the form of a copy, for I find the original still here, pigeon-holed with the said letter. To that kind of letters we all write answers which we do not send, fearing to hurt where we have no desire to hurt; I have done it many a time, and this is doubtless a case of the sort.

The lean-to you lived in was the one with a canvas roof that the cow fell down through one night

THE LETTER.

"X——., California, *June 3, 1879.*

"*Mr. S. L. Clemens, Hartford, Conn.*

"Dear Sir,—You will doubtless be surprised to know who has presumed to write and ask a favour of you. Let your memory go back to your days in the Humboldt mines—'62-'63. You will remember, you and Clagett and Oliver and the old blacksmith Tillou lived in a lean-to which was half-way up the gulch, and there were six log cabins in the camp—strung pretty well separated up the gulch from its mouth at the desert to where the last claim was, at the divide. The lean-to you lived in was the one with a canvas roof that the cow fell down through one night, as told about by you in 'Roughing It'—my uncle Simmons remembers it very well. He lived in the principal cabin, half-way up the divide, along with Dixon and Parker and Smith. It had two rooms, one for kitchen and the other for bunks, and was the only one that had. You and your party were there on the great night, the time they had dried-apple pie, Uncle Simmons often speaks of it. It seems curious that dried-apple pie should have seemed such a great thing, but it was, and it shows how far Humboldt was out of the world and difficult to get to, and how slim the regular bill of fare was. Sixteen years ago—it is a long time. I was a little girl then, only fourteen. I never saw you; I lived in Washoe. But uncle Simmons ran across you every now and then, all during those weeks that you and party were there working your claim, which was like the rest. The camp played out long and long ago, there wasn't silver enough in it to make a button. You never saw my husband, but he was there after you left, *and lived in that very lean-to;* a bachelor then, but married to me now. He often wishes there had been a photographer there in those days, he would have taken the lean-to. He got hurt in the old Hal Clayton claim, that was abandoned like the others, putting in a blast and not climbing out quick enough, though he scrambled the best he could. It landed him clear down on the trail and hit a Piute. For weeks they thought he would not get over it, but he did, and is all right now. Has been ever since. This is a long introduction, but it is the only way I can make myself known. The favour I ask I feel assured your generous heart will grant: Give me some advice about a book I have written. I do not claim anything for it, only it is mostly true, and as interesting as most of the books of the times. I am unknown in the literary world, and you know what that means unless one has someone of influence (like yourself) to help you by speaking a good word for you. I would like to place the book on royalty basis plan with anyone you would suggest.

"This is a secret from my husband and family. I intend it as a surprise in case I get it published.

"Feeling you will take an interest in this, and, if possible, write me a letter to some publisher, or, better still, if you could see them for me and then let me hear.

"I appeal to you to grant me this favour. With deepest gratitude, I thank you for your attention."

He often wishes there had been a photographer there in those days, he would have taken the lean-to

One knows, without inquiring, that the twin of that embarrassing letter is for ever and ever flying in this and that and the other direction across the Continent in the mails, daily, nightly, hourly, unceasingly, unrestingly. It goes to every well-known merchant, and railway official, and manufacturer, and capitalist, and Mayor, and Congressman, and Governor, and editor, and publisher, and author, and broker, and banker—in a word, to every person who is supposed to have "influence." It always follows the one pattern: "You

do not know me, *but you once knew a relative of mine*," etc., etc. We should all like to help the applicants, we should all be glad to do it, we should all like to return the sort of answer that is desired, but— Well, there is not a thing we can do that would be a help, for not in any instance does that letter ever come from anyone who *can* be helped. The struggler whom you *could* help does his own helping; it would not occur to him to apply to you, a stranger. He has talent and knows it, and he goes into his fight eagerly, and with energy and determination — all alone, preferring to be alone. That pathetic letter which comes to you from the incapable, the unhelpable—how do you, who are familiar with it, answer it? What do you find to say? You do not want to inflict a wound; you hunt ways to avoid that. What do you find? How do you get out of your hard place with a contented conscience? Do you try to explain? The old reply of mine to such a letter shows that I tried that once. Was I satisfied with the result? Possibly; and possibly not; probably not; almost certainly not. I have long ago forgotten all about it. But, anyway, I append my effort :—

THE REPLY.

"I know Mr. H., and I will go to him, dear madam, if upon reflection you find you still desire it. There will be a conversation. I know the form it will take. It will be like this :—

Mr. H. How do her books strike you?

Mr. CLEMENS. I am not acquainted with them.

H. Who has been her publisher?

C. I don't know.

H. She *has* one, I suppose?

C. I—I think not.

H. Ah. You think this is her first book?

C. Yes—I suppose so. I think so.

H. What is it about. What is the character of it?

C. I believe I do not know.

H. Have you seen it?

C. Well—no, I haven't.

H. Ah—h. How long have you known her?

C. I don't know her.

H. Don't know her?

C. No.

H. Ah—h. How did you come to be interested in her book, then?

C. Well, she—she wrote and asked me to find a publisher for her, and mentioned you.

H. Why should she apply to you instead of to me?

C. She wished me to use my influence.

H. Dear me, what has *influence* to do with such a matter?

C. Well, I think she thought you would be more likely to examine her book if you were influenced.

H. Why, what we are here *for* is to examine books—anybody's book that comes along. It's our *business*. Why should we turn away a book unexamined because it's a stranger's? It would be foolish. No publisher does it. On what ground did she request your influence, since you do not know her? She must have thought you knew her literature and could speak for it. Is that it?

C. No; she knew I didn't.

H. Well, what then? She had a reason of *some* sort for believing you competent to recommend her literature, and also under obligations to do it?

It landed him clear down on the trail and hit a Piute

C. Yes, I—I knew her uncle.

H. Knew her *uncle?*

C. Yes.

H. Upon my word! So, you knew her uncle; her uncle knows her literature; he endorses it to you; the chain is complete, nothing further needed; you are satisfied, and therefore——

C. No, that isn't all, there are other ties. I knew the cabin her uncle lived in, in the mines; I knew his partners, too; also I came near knowing her husband before she married him, and I *did* know the abandoned shaft where a premature blast went off and he went flying through the air and clear down to the trail and hit an Indian in the back with almost fatal consequences.

H. To *him*, or to the Indian?

C. She didn't say which it was.

H. (*With a sigh.*) It certainly beats the band! You don't know *her*, you don't know her literature, you don't know who got hurt when the blast went off, you don't know a single thing for us to build an estimate of her book upon, so far as I——

C. I knew her uncle. You are forgetting her uncle.

H. Oh, what use is *he?* Did you know him long? How long was it?

C. Well, I don't know that I really knew him, but I must have met him, anyway about sixteen years ago.

H. What a basis to judge a book upon! At first you said you knew him, and now you don't know whether you did or not.

C. Oh yes, I knew him; anyway, I think I thought I did; I'm perfectly certain of it.

H. What makes you think you thought you knew him?

C. Why, she says I did, herself.

H. *She* says so!

C. Yes, she does, and I *did* know him, too, though I don't remember it now.

H. Come—how can you know it when you don't remember it?

C. *I* don't know. That is, I don't know the process, but I *do* know lots of things that I don't remember, and remember lots of things that I don't know. It's so with every educated person.

H. (*After a pause.*) Is your time valuable?

C. No—well, not very.

H. Mine is.

"So I came away then, because he was looking tired. Overwork, I reckon; I never do that; I have seen the evil effects of it. My mother was always afraid I would overwork myself, but I never did.

"Dear madam, you would see how it would happen if I went there. He would ask me those questions, and I would try to answer them to suit him, and he would hunt me here and there and yonder, and get me embarrassed more and more all the time, and at last he would look tired on account of overwork, and there it would end and nothing done. I wish I could be useful to you, but you see, they do not care for uncles or any of those things; it doesn't move them, it doesn't have the least effect, they don't care for anything but the literature itself, and they as good as despise influence. But they do care for books, and are eager to get them and examine them, no matter whence they come, nor from whose pen. If you will send yours to a publisher—any publisher—he will certainly examine it, I can assure you of that."

MARK TWAIN.

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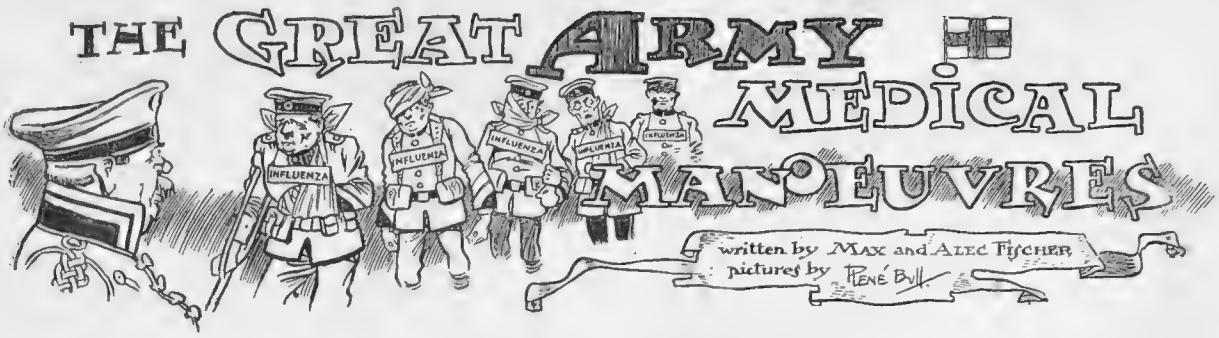

TRANSLATED BY A. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS

The papers, a few days ago, contained the following telegram among their foreign intelligence :—

MODERNSTADT (Jingoria).

The grand manœuvres specially instituted this year, with a view to showing the excellent organisation of our Army Medical Department, have been suddenly countermanded. The Government have issued no communications to the Press on the subject.—Reuter.

Jingoria, as everybody knows, is a great military Power, ranking as such with England, Germany, or France ; and this sudden abandonment of the evolutions of a corps, which is very properly expected to play an important rôle in future warfare, set all minds thinking.

The Jingorian newspapers remained dumb. The whole Press of Europe was left without details. We determined, therefore, ourselves to set an investigation on foot, with the result that we have succeeded in eliciting the facts which are now placed before our readers.

Field-Marshal Count August von Windbag, presiding over a banquet a few months ago, delivered himself of the following words, which found a legitimate echo over the whole Continent :—

"When we consider the warfare of the future, we have to think not only of killing as many of the enemy as we can, but the devil of it is that we have also to think of the wounded on our own side! That being so, we cannot leave them to die like so many dogs where they lie." (Loud and prolonged cheers.)

Clearly, here was a reflux of the same wave of humanitarian ideas that has been breaking over Europe for some time past.

The subject was carefully studied, only to be thrown aside. At last the Jingorian General Staff agreed upon the following plan :—

1. Whereas the manœuvres are intended to prove the excellence of our Army Medical Department, the Medical Departments of all the sixteen Army Corps of the Republic will take part in the manœuvres.

2. One Infantry Division (the 5th), with its sixteen companies, will be taken to represent the sixteen Army Corps.

3. One of the sixteen Army Medical Corps will therefore be attached to each of the sixteen companies.

4. Seeing that an army in the field has to rely on its own resources, the manœuvres will take place in one of the worst supplied districts of the Republic—the country round Modernstadt. The armies of the Republic will drive back an imaginary invader coming from the North.

5. Baron Leademoff, the senior of the sixteen Major-Generals, will personally superintend the working of a field hospital set up at Modernstadt.

The hospital orderlies learned to recognise at a glance the nature of the wound, and to affix to the man's breast a card, with the descriptive legend: "Head shot off," "Fractured arm," etc.

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From the day on which these orders were officially promulgated, the men of the 5th Division, who were to represent the wounded, were gradually trained for this drill. They were taught to fall dead at the sound of the bugle. They learned to simulate the plight of wounded men; to ask for help; to cry for "Water, Water!" in a dying voice; to point to the part where they had been wounded; to hand over to a less severely wounded comrade a letter to their mother and a photograph of their "young woman." We need not enter into further details. Any of our readers who have been killed in battle will know what we mean.

However, the part played by the wounded was to be of but secondary importance. The real interest of the country was directed to the manner in which the Army Medical Corps would carry out their duties. All the sixteen Major-Generals displayed redoubled zeal. The different bearer corps were taught to look for the wounded who had hidden for shelter behind hedges, and the hospital orderlies to recognise the nature of the wound at a glance, and to affix to the man's breast a card with a descriptive legend: "Head shot off" or "Fractured arm," as the case might be.

Important credits were opened in favour of each Medical Department for the purchase of stores for an imaginary hospital on a war-footing. There were wagons carrying boxes of quinine (ingeniously replaced by powdered chalk), casks of iodine (obtained by mixing water with the dregs of the War Office ink-pots), cases crammed with mustard-plasters (small sheets of blotting-paper, carefully cut to size), cases of (paste-board) surgical instruments.

On the 25th of last month, the sixteen companies of the 5th Division, each commanded by one of the sixteen Major-Generals, had taken up their positions in fighting order on the plain of Modernstadt.

The troops arrived on the 22nd. The 23rd was devoted to perfecting the arrangements in all the field hospitals.

Towards the end of the day, Major-General Roundabout, attached to the Medical Department of the 4th Army Corps, or rather, the 4th Company of the 5th Division, made a final inspection, in order to assure himself that his nostrums were ready to hand, and went back to his tent.

So far, as you will have seen, nothing out of the common had occurred. General Roundabout had just lit his pipe, when the senior Colonel, his immediate subordinate, burst in.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir! There's a man on the sick-list!"

"A man on the sick-list? What the blazes do you mean? The manœuvres haven't begun yet. I shall place you under two days' arrest."

The Colonel insisted.

"There's a man with influenza."

Major-General Roundabout went straight to the ambulance, and examined the man.

"A mild attack of influenza," he diagnosed. Then he prescribed for him:

"Half a grain of sulphate of quinine; paint the chest and back with iodine; apply mustard-plasters to the inside of the thighs. See that the order's carried out, Colonel."

The Colonel glanced over the prescription.

"Quinine, iodine, mustard-plasters. . . . That's a simple matter!"

He flew to the hospital

It was not such a simple matter, for all that. After turning over a number of cases, shifting a quantity of barrels and opening ever so many boxes, he paused to think.

"Hang it all! What am I to do?" he muttered. "Quinine, iodine, mustard-plasters. . . . "

The Senior Captain came along.

"I say, look here," said the Colonel. "I'm in a hurry. . . . I've no time to spare. . . . Just see to this prescription, will you?"

"Quinine, iodine, mustard-plasters! That's easy enough," said the Captain.

Ten minutes later, he had taken off his forage-cap, and was scratching his head. The Senior Lieutenant came by.

"I say," shouted the Captain. "I'm awfully busy. Just see to this prescription, will you?"

The prescription was not long in the Senior Lieutenant's hands. In five minutes, alleging urgent business, he had passed it on to one of the hospital orderlies.

A thing that appears complicated to a colonel, a captain, or a senior lieutenant, very learned people all, no doubt, seems much more easy of realisation to a hospital orderly, rough and uncultured though he may be. This particular orderly, after consulting one of his comrades, expressed himself in these terms:

"The Lieutenant's given me an order. It's not my business to explain it, but to carry it out. And I don't care a hang, one way or the other. Quinine? Look here, you'll find it in those big casks stuck up over there. Just wrench the lid off the box labelled 'Mustard-plasters,' and draw off the iodine from one of the barrels."

The next morning the Major-General made inquiries:

"Well, how's our man on the sick-list? Is the beggar cured?"

"No, sir. On the contrary . . ."

"What? He's no better? Have you seen to my orders? Bring the fellow here?"

The General examined him. He looked at his chest in astonishment:

"What a rum colour! What a rum colour!"

He turned him round:

"How extraordinary! He's as black behind as in front."

Presumably, General Roundabout did not remember the exact nature of the treatment which he had prescribed.

"Tell me, my man, is your skin usually this colour?"

"No, sir," timidly interrupted an orderly. "Perhaps you don't remember, sir. We put . . . we were told to put . . . iodine . . . ."

"Iodine?" asked the General. "What do you mean? . . . Do you write your letters with iodine, what?"

"No, sir, it's the only iodine we have, sir. . . ."

Major-General Roundabout seemed slightly put out—but did not pursue the subject further.

"And the mustard-plasters? Did they do you good, my lad? Warmed you up a bit, did they?"

"I don't know that they warmed him up much, sir," said the orderly. "He's not a soft 'un . . . ."

"Let me have a look at your thighs, for all that. . . . . What's this? . . . Blotting-paper mustard-plasters!! '

Well, sir, we had to use those we . . . . we had, sir . . ."

"If you wanted to apply that sort of plaster, you would have done better to put them on his chest! They'd have sucked up the ink at least!"

Major-General Roundabout was very dissatisfied. He muttered to himself:

"It's true . . . We ought to have foreseen . . . After all! A sick man . . . We'll give him a blue pill."

The Major-General was just about to enter the hospital when the Senior Colonel came up and saluted:

"Our company has no luck, sir. They're all catching it from one another. There are ten more influenza patients in the next ward."

The manœuvres were to begin on the following day, the 25th. Major-General Roundabout was quite overcome. There were many more than ten on the sick-list. Fully half of the company, for whose health he was responsible, were suffering from influenza and incapable of carrying arms.

"Our company has no luck," he admitted to himself. "However, perhaps Leademoff won't notice."

But what Major-General Roundabout did not know was that, although the 4th Company was out of luck, the case was the same with all the other companies of the 5th Division. The Major-Generals of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th, and 7th, right up to the 16th Company, were each and all exclaiming:

"My company has no luck! There won't be half the men fit for duty. However, perhaps Leademoff won't notice among so many!"

At 4 a.m. the bugles sounded, showing that the attack had begun. Feverish activity reigned in the great Field Hospital, under the charge of Baron Leademoff. The Baron visited all the wards. They were still empty.

"Above all, gentlemen, see to it that the distribution is carried out carefully and promptly. We have three wards, haven't we? We must strictly classify the wounded who are brought in. In this ward, you, Colonel, will have the dying under your charge. You, Captain, will have the amputation cases here, in this smaller ward. As for you, Lieutenant, you will take charge of Ward 3, for the less serious cases: sprained ankles, bleeding at the nose, and other minor ailments. As for myself, gentlemen, I shall remain at the entrance to the hospital, so that, when the stretchers arrive, I shall be able to order the wounded to be carried to the proper wards, according to the indicating labels. Distribution is the great thing!"

Major-General Roundabout went straight to the ambulance, and examined the man

At 5 a.m. everyone was at his post at the Field Hospital when the bearers brought in the first wounded man.

"Hulloa! Eighth Company! Well, what's up with you, my poor fellow?" asked Baron Leademoff.

"I've got the influenza, sir," said the man, a chubby-cheeked rustic.

"What's written on your card? Can't you read? 'Bullet wound in the right leg.' Look here, just think for a moment. Don't be afraid. Give me an answer. What's the matter with you?"

"See to it that the distribution is carried out carefully and promptly"

"I've got the influenza, sir."

The General roared with laughter:

"He's sticking to it! You great booby! Do you really think you can catch influenza on the battle-field? At any rate, distribution is the great thing! Ward 3!"

The General raised his voice:

"Lieutenant, you have the first case."

A moment afterwards, a man of the 12th Company was brought in to Baron Leademoff. The General pretended to pay no attention to the card fastened to the breast of the imaginary dying man: "Shell splinter in the cheek."

The General put his question:

"Well, what's the matter with you, my poor fellow?"

To emphasise his answer, the man coughed:

"I've got the influenza, sir."

"Ah! So that's the catch-word, is it? You don't seem to understand my question. I want to know where you feel pain."

"In my throat, sir."

"You ought to feel it in your cheek, my man. However, no matter. Ward 3! The second case for you, Lieutenant!"

The great thing was the distribution of the wounded. The General contented himself with the idea that the 5th Division had not given proper instructions to those who were to represent the wounded men. In any case, it would make no difference to the way in which the Army Medical Department was prepared to carry out its duties.

When, however, ten wounded men had been brought in, all suffering from influenza, the General began to lose patience.

"Oh, dash it all!" he exclaimed. "They're getting at me! If the eleventh has the influenza I'll have him court-martialled."

The eleventh stretcher came up.

"Ah! I wonder what this one has to tell me."

The man pointed to his card. The General glanced at it, and read the word, "Influenza."

"What? What? You've got the influenza?"

"No, sir, I haven't. I expect I'm the only man in my company who hasn't, but my card says so."

At 4 p.m. General Leademoff was obliged to yield in face of the evidence. Wards 1 and 2 had to be given up to the influenza patients, as there was no room left for them in Ward 3. Eight hundred men, all suffering from influenza, had been admitted to the Field Hospital. Baron Leademoff issued a special order summoning all the sixteen Major-Generals. He gave signs of terrrible anger.

"It's disgraceful, gentlemen! . . . What! 32,000 men are concentrated on the plain of Moderastadt: 24,000 forming the whole of the Army Medical Department of the Republic, and 8,000 entrusted to your care. And I have just learned that, of the 8,000, there is not a man fit for duty. Do you

A Vision of Christmas

Photo by *Henry Dixon*

THE WOODCUTTER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER

PAINTED BY ELIZABETH FORBES (MRS. STANHOPE FORBES)

(The original was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1905)

mean to tell me that you can't look after them in their companies? It is downright carelessness! . . . It is simple laziness! . . . It is a perfect shame! . . . Damn it all, influenza is a thing which anyone can attend to and cure."

"I beg your pardon, General," said Major-General Roundabout, timidly. . . "The remed——"

"Don't beg my pardon! I suppose you want me to believe that you don't know how to treat a case of influenza. Very well, then; if that's so, gentlemen, I'll show you! Colonel, write down what I dictate: 'By order of Major-General Lademoff, Commanding-in-Chief'—listen, gentlemen—'every man of the 5th Division shall this evening, 1st, have both his back and chest painted with iodine; 2nd, take half a grain of sulphate of quinine; 3rd, have a mustard-plaster applied to the inside of each thigh.' Then to-morrow you'll see how influenza is cured. To make sure that my orders are carried out, I shall require the whole of the 8,000 infantry of the 5th Division to parade before me to-morrow morning, naked; do you understand me? Without a stitch of clothing on them."

General Lademoff was a good sort, in his way. He shrugged his shoulders and smiled as he went off:

"Eight thousand men painted with iodine. I shall imagine I have been promoted to the command of an army of niggers!"

But the next morning, Major-General Baron Lademoff, struck with consternation, dictated and dispatched to Count von Windbag the following telegram:

26 September.

The Army Medical Department has done wonders. Unfortunately, slight but regrettable omission. The whole Army is down with influenza. Have only make-believe remedies. What are we to do? I await your orders.—Lademoff.

27 September.

Field-Marshal Count von Windbag, Minister of War, to Herr Hunyadi, Premier and Minister of Finance:

I forward dispatch from Baron Lademoff. Kindly give him your instructions.

28 September.

Herr Hunyadi, Premier and Minister of Finance, to Major-General Baron Lademoff:

Have opened credit account for you with Stopfer and Starter, chemists, 27, Republikstrasse, Modernstadt.

29 September. Order issued by General Baron Lademoff to the sixteen Major-Generals of the 5th Division (to be conveyed by cyclists):

Apply Stopfer and Starter, chemists, 27, Republikstrasse, Modernstadt.

30 September. Letter from Herr Constantinus Rätz, President of the Republic of Jingoria, to General von Windbag, Minister of War:

GENERAL,

The manœuvres came to an end to-day. Permit me to thank Your Excellency for having afforded the people of Jingoria the opportunity to witness so magnificent a display. The Army has reached the summit of our expectations. We have long known that it was ready to go anywhere and to do anything.

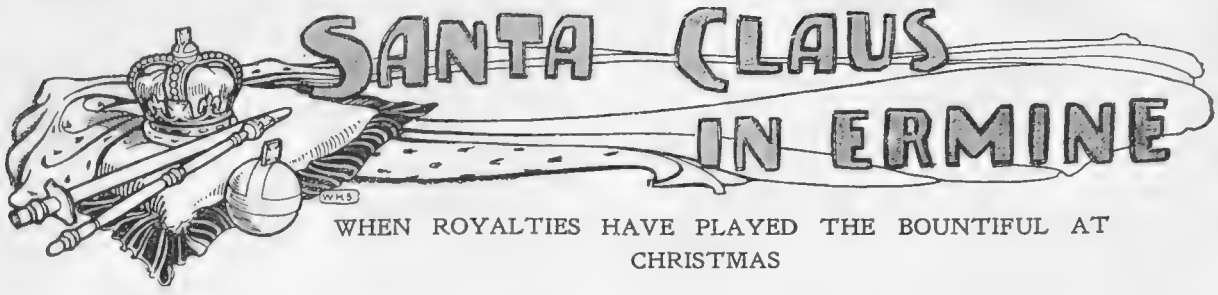
But I have been particularly struck by the admirable services rendered by the Army Medical Department, which deserves the warmest applause of the country. Please convey to the whole staff my hearty congratulations, and the assurance of my conviction that they will continue to do their duty in the future as whole-heartedly as they have done in the present and the past.

I beg Your Excellency to express my entire appreciation to Major-General Baron Lademoff and to all those under his command, from the highest to the lowest. They have, indeed, deserved well of the Republic.

(*Signed*) CONSTANTINUS RÄTZ,
President.

MAX AND ALEC FISCHER.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING UNDER DIFFICULTIES



WHEN ROYALTIES HAVE PLAYED THE BOUNTIFUL AT CHRISTMAS

BY HAROLD MACFARLANE

About four years ago, when Mr. Walsh Dawson, whose labours in connection with the work of the Salvation Army are so well known, was endeavouring to make his way through the fog one cold wintry night to the house of a philanthropic peer, he altogether lost his bearings in the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace. As luck would have it, at that moment he ran against a gentleman, who, after mutual apologies, offered to put him on his way. In the course of conversation, Mr. Dawson alluded to his work with the Salvation Army, and drew so vivid a picture of the scene of its labours and the work before it that, when parting at the steps of the desired house, the stranger remarked, "Before I go I want you to accept this little gift—this gift for the poor suffering ones. May God bless you and the workers of the Salvation Army." As he placed ten sovereigns in the worker's hand, the fog to a certain extent momentarily lifted, and the recipient at once recognised the donor. "Your Royal Highness," he exclaimed almost involuntarily. "No, no," was the hurried reply, "simply anonymous," and a moment later the fog once again enveloped in a sombre mantle the rapidly retreating figure of the then Prince of Wales—now King Edward VII.

The King's kindness in a fog

Mr. Walsh Dawson, of the Salvation Army, meets a gentleman in a fog one night, who, after conversation, gives him ten pounds "for the cause." On a break in the darkness, he recognises the donor to be H.R.H. the then Prince of Wales

Since his *rencontre*, early in his reign, with a cabman, who described him to his face as "a very sorry horse," the King of Italy has not aired his incognito at very frequent intervals. As a matter of fact, the King is somewhat sensitive to public opinion, as is apparent from the fact that when, a few years ago, a courtier suggested that he should disguise himself as a student and go into cafés, just as Peter the Great did, he is credited with the reply, "Peter the Great had the right to hang those who said anything disagreeable, and I have not."

It is to be feared that the Italian beggar is not quite so polite as he might be even to Royalty, judging from an experience of the Queen of Holland at Florence, at that period of her career when the affectionate diminutive "little" alway preceded her title. The Queen and her Royal mother in those days were in the habit of walking abroad alone to a considerable extent, and it was during one of these excursions in the poorer part of Florence that, believing herself to be unknown, the Queen, having questioned a beggar who asked for alms, gave him half a franc. The grateful recipient having examined the coin, then the donor, and once more the gift, remarked, "Poor Queen! So your subjects keep you as short as that!" It is stated that the little Dutch Queen then and there declared that never again would she bestow *largesse* upon an Italian beggar. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that since that date she has made use of one of woman's most valuable prerogatives, and changed her mind.

On Christmas Eve last, the Grand Duke of Hesse enjoyed a very pleasant experience. The Grand Duke, who takes a great interest in the welfare of the lower classes, sallied forth incognito, and took part in a festive gathering of mechanics in a country inn. So pleased was he with his companions and their reception of the stranger who came among them that, on his departure, he left a *douceur* with the landlord, who shortly afterwards announced to the assembled company that "a sporting gentleman" had left £5 to be divided among them.

It is to be feared that the days when the now aged Emperor of Austria went forth and performed the part of a benevolent Santa Claus are not likely to return again, so far as the Austro-Hungarian monarch is concerned, a circumstance that will be a matter of regret to many of his subjects who benefited considerably by these excursions in incognito. It was, by the way, while on one of these expeditions that the Emperor rendered valuable aid to an old cabman in the outskirts of Vienna, whose restive horse threatened to trample him under foot. At some considerable personal risk, the Austrian monarch

Queen Wilhelmina and the Italian beggar

The Dutch Queen, when a little girl, gave half a franc to a Florence beggar, thinking herself to be unrecognised. "Poor Queen!" said the beggar, "so your subjects keep you as short as that"

wildly for it, thrust a two-florin piece into the hand of a child pushing his sister in a perambulator, who greeted him with the remark, "Thank you very much, dear Mister Emperor." On reaching home, the same Royal Santa Claus wrote a cheque for £25, which he forwarded to a widow whose only son had been killed in China, with a letter of advice recommending her to start a fruit shop. On another occasion, he took a stroll in the vicinity of the New Palace at Wildpark, near Potsdam, and left presents in all the sentry-boxes for the sentries, while on the same day he presented new five-mark pieces to every workman and woman engaged in the park of Sans Souci. Last year, it will be recalled, the Kaiser, when strolling in the Royal Park at Potsdam, which is open to the public, presented every needy looking person he met with a twenty-mark gold piece, and every man of the regiment doing duty at the palace received half a crown. On one occasion, when the Emperor and Empress were returning from a mission of mercy in a sleigh, the former enjoyed, more or less, an experience that must have been unique so far as he was concerned: a little boy, who was busily snowballing two companions, by mischance managed to hit his Sovereign on his Imperial nose with one of the missiles. In place of sinking to the ground covered with confusion and fear of being apprehended for *ièse majesté*, this juvenile marksman calmly inquired, "Did it hurt you, Herr Kaiser?" a remark he followed up by saying, "You can hit me, and we'll call it square"—a suggestion that fairly upset the equanimity of the Royal couple.

HAROLD MACFARLANE.

managed to quiet the animal, whose master gratefully offered to drive his assistant home. When the offer was politely declined, the courteous cabby, still desirous of making some return, said, "Well, any time you want a cab, just come to me, and I'll drive you where you like for nothing." He is still waiting to be called upon to fulfil his promise.

The Austrian Emperor and "Cabby"

Francis Joseph II. (some years ago) helped a Vienna cabman to stop a restive horse. The cabman was thankful, but ignorant of his saviour's identity. "Any time you want a cab, just come to me, and I'll drive you where you like for nothing"

On the Monday evening preceding Christmas Day, 1904, when the German Crown Prince was out walking in Potsdam, a little girl of eleven, who was selling toy sheep, and did not recognise him, said, "Please, Herr Lieutenant, buy a Christmas sheep for ten pfennigs" The Crown Prince stopped, interrogated the maiden as to the value of the stock, and, on learning that five marks would purchase the same, was speedily in possession of as fine a flock as ever left the cheap toy warehouses of Nuremberg.

It is very evident from this incident that the Crown Prince intends to follow in the footsteps of his Imperial father, who is one of the finest exponents of Santa Claus in ermine now before the public. It is good to be in Potsdam when the Kaiser is about at Christmastide, or rather in the streets of that town, for the Emperor personally disburses his good gold and silver among those pedestrians he meets on his solitary promenade whose appearance betokens poverty. A few years ago, when returning to Potsdam, he threw some gold among a party of market women, and while they scrambled

The German Crown Prince and the toy sheep

Walking in Potsdam one day, the German heir-apparent bought an entire stock of toy sheep of a little girl for five marks

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The Connoisseur.

MODERN DECORATION AND FURNITURE

Not long ago we heard an absolutely true story of an agreeable American millionaire and his English bride. Before their marriage he asked his future wife what sort of a present he might give her, and, as times were bad, begged her to keep well within one or two hundred thousand pounds. The lady thought that after their tour in the States it would be pleasant to return to England and find, at home, ready for their immediate use, a fine Jacobean house fitted from base to dome with everything that was convenient and beautiful; provided with servants, filled with every modern luxury, and yet in excellent taste and truly in keeping with the character of an English country-side and a romantic and historic past. The American millionaire is the modern equivalent for the fairy prince. He does not wave a wand, but he touches an electric button, or something of that sort, and the thing is done. This particular bridegroom gave the word of command somewhere in New York, *en route* for London, and a few months later, when he and his wife arrived at a country railway station in the Midlands, their motor met them, and they were soon within a home that had been prepared by unseen hands while the future owners were thousands of miles away. All things were absolutely to their taste, for the whole scheme had been carried out by those well versed in the art of decoration and the science of life. Fortunately for this kind of prestidigitation, good taste, like virtue, is the same everywhere and to every person of culture.

We were reminded of the rich American's little experience the other day, when we went over a house at Queen's Gate Gardens which Messrs. Aldin Bros. and Davies have fitted throughout with the view of showing the world in general that they are equal to such a demand as the one we have recounted. We don't know whether the hero of the story cabled to this firm, but had he done so, all would certainly have been well. For Messrs. Aldin have all the organisation necessary for such an undertaking, and having leading men gifted with excellent taste and well-cultivated judgment, the utmost desire of the would-be householder for the useful and the beautiful will surely be fulfilled.

Corner of Room at Queen's Gate Gardens

Showing various styles of decoration, and some copies of antique furniture

The entrance hall at Queen's Gate Gardens at once strikes the varying notes of comfort and grace which form the *motif* of all the work by this house. Here may be seen some remarkable reproductions of antique furniture from the most famous collections, the idea being to make use of the fine designs of the past, and adapt and fashion them to the more comfortable times in which we live. For this purpose the reproduction of

the best examples of both English and foreign workmanship, in regard to every portion of any sort of room, from the walls to the carpets, from the lightest trifle of Louis Seize furniture to the heaviest Renaissance cabinet of, say, Henri II., is carried out with care and skill. The dining-rooms are fitted mainly with pieces that recall the names of English designers and cabinet-makers that are now household words — Chippendale, Sheraton, Heppelwhite, the Brothers Adam, and so on—but the earlier periods of Elizabethan and Jacobean oak are not forgotten, and in their modern dress are induced to conform to their present day environment with perfect ease and grace. Some of the rooms here are cleverly contrived to display, within a small space, a number of styles. We give a photograph of a corner of one of these *salons*, showing the way this idea is carried out. Here may be noted a remarkable reproduction of the early Louis XVI. marquetry commode, or side table with cupboards, etc. The original is now in the South Kensington Museum near by. Any observer coming freshly from the antique piece to this admirable copy of British production will find very few faults with the latter. The workmanship is certainly as fine, the inlay as painstaking, the metal-work as finished. But as regards the colour of the woods, time, who takes so much away, has given a warmth and beauty to the elder piece which will tax the scientific skill of the modern imitator to reproduce. This last quality of age in wood is, however, wonderfully well obtained or simulated in a collection of satinwood furniture in a room given over to this branch of delicate and pleasing work. Here the card-tables and light cabinets that helped to make the drawing-rooms of our Georgian ancestors so charming are seen to bear that fine appearance of *age without wear* which we apprehend is the ultimate art of the craftsman who produces these specimens of cabinet-work. The beauty of the old, and the strength and durability of careful modern work, appear to be the ideals which this firm set before them, and to which they attain at no very great expense. The rooms decorated for sleeping, dressing, and bathing purposes, show a vast variety of styles which are eighteenth century in feeling, and made of perfect examples of satinwood or well-chosen mahogany, with inlays in the Sheraton manner, and are most attractive. Some of these are decorated with plaques of Wedgwood ware, after the fashion which that skilful potter made at one time general in England, and extremely popular on the Continent. From these luxurious surrounds one may turn to the "fitted" rooms of a shooting-box, or the mitigated strenuousness that a yacht's cabin can be made to grant. In these fitted rooms the furniture is attached to the four walls, thus space is saved, and comfort assured, after a manner that might be applied more generally with good effect.

Sheraton Sideboard

What Messrs. Aldin do in furniture they can also carry out in all other branches of the building or restoring of the house. Many mansions, long given over to neglect and the ravages of time and weather, have bloomed again under their care and skill. At present they are just completing extensive alterations and decorations at the United Service Club, having obtained the order in competition with several well-known firms, and the work will have been executed in the remarkably short space of time of three months. From Wellington's monumental bath to the latest trifle of silk damask, from the prayer-rug that aided the devotions of the pious Persian centuries ago to the most recent examples of our native makes of carpet, from Louis Quatorze to the Empire, from a Gallic credence to the last word of a "new art" washing-stand, all these things, or their exact reproductions, can be seen to advantage in the pleasant home-like rooms at Queen's Gate Gardens.

E. M.

MASQUERADE

There's a pair in the opposite Pullman—
D'you see? Now he's lowered the blind!
A girl and a boy—a child and a toy!
Ah me—but the porter is kind.
There's an innocent trust in her lip-line—
Dear soul! Not a cloud on her mind!
And where will they go? I'm sure I don't know—
But she's leaving her husband behind.

In the whirl of the *figurantes*' kicking—
The maze of the flickering lime—
A glorious face that shows not a trace
Of languor—the vice of the mime.
With a laugh on her lips red with kissing
(And grease paint!)—She lives for the time—
And knows a man's word alone has deferred
Her arrest for a hideous crime

Round his head the philanthropist's halo—
His fingers with jewels are gay!
"For what we receive"—The public believe
Whatever the magnate may say.
And he boasts of his thousand employées
That people his works night and day—
(In workrooms that stink!)—The brute! Does he think
That the girls keep alive on *his* pay?

In the coffin the body of Isaacs—
And mourners are thick to the door—
The church is in tears he died, it appears,
On Tuesday—this "friend of the poor."
On the coffin-plate blooms of narcissus
And wreaths in a heap on the floor—
He's passed o'er the brink—his wife called it drink—
He's "asleep," so they say—"gone before."

MACDONALD HASTINGS.

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"While you Wait"

By ERNEST BRAMAH

Editorial Office of the GIGANTIC MONTHLY *and seven other magazines;* TIP-TOP BITS *and twenty-five other journals; the* MORNING TRUMPET, *etc., etc.*

Editor-in-Chief seated at desk. Lady Secretary writing from his dictation. Enter Mr. Newman, nervously.

EDITOR (*to Mr. Newman*): One minute, if you will excuse me. (*Continuing dictating to Secretary*): "—you will then proceed to St. Petersburg and wire us a column of bright, chatty interview with the Tsar and another with Count Witte, in both of which you will kindly bring the *Morning Trumpet* prominently before their notice. During your two days' residence in the capital you can also do a series of thirteen authoritative articles on 'Russia from the Core'; a few light pages for the *Tip-Top*, with titles such as, 'The Humour of Anarchy,' 'What it Feels Like to be Frozen to Death,' and so forth, and photograph anything of interest for the *Gigantic*. If time hangs on your hands you might also continue your 'Mr. Wazygoose Gose His Ways' diary and drawings for *Phunny Wabbits*. Cancel the Stockholm and Christiania detour, interest having subsided, and proceed direct to Trondheim, where you may as well occupy yourself with gathering material for the mediæval Italian *feuilleton* which I suggested to you—changing the locale to Scandinavia, of course, and for Marco Polo, substituting as a hero, say, Gustavus Adolphus. (*Turning to Mr. Newman.*) Good afternoon, Mr. Newman. I see that you bring an introduction from my friend Snarling, who suggests that you can do useful work for us. Very good. (*Looking at watch.*) I think that I can just spare seven minutes. Have you anything with you?

MR. NEWMAN (*dropping some manuscripts and picking them up again*): Er—yes, a few. That is to say, I did—— Tales, you know, but anything you thought——

EDITOR (*taking one*): Ah! short stories! Excellent! I think our stock is getting low. How many have you with you? About eighteen? Oh, well; that's a start, of course. I suppose you could manage an average eight or ten a week as a regular thing. We require an immense number for our weekly *Fountain of Fiction* alone. The great thing is to catch just the particular style we require.

MR. NEWMAN: I, ah—hoped that you might like this, sir. I have spent a great deal of time and thought upon it —"The Mirage of a Soul." It is an attempt to work out the natural development of a woman's mind and destiny in certain circumstances and under the influence of romantic surroundings.

EDITOR: H'm. Can't really say that the title strikes me as being quite catchy enough for the *Fountain*. Let me see how it goes on; perhaps I can give you some indication of the sort of thing I mean. Ah, north-east coast of Cornwall! Well, now, why not lift the thing bodily into London? How many of our readers have ever been on the north-east coast of Cornwall? On the other hand, make it London, and you are on terms with them straight off.

MR. NEWMAN: Well, really, of course, if you think it better; but, as a matter of fact, I made rather a close study of the local colour down there.

EDITOR (*turning over the leaves*): Yes, I see. Page on page of purple tints, space, and aching calm. My dear sir, we should simply have to drop all that. Now, where do we get to anyone? Ah, here—"Mildred." Very good; and "Vivien Mountford"; yes.

MR. NEWMAN (*wishing devoutly that he had chosen any other story to bring forward*): They meet suddenly under romantic conditions. He saves her life, and before she can even thank him he has to fly for his own. For this I had to use—it's not very original, I'm afraid, but nothing else served so well—I had to use a mad bull.

EDITOR: Oh, a mad bull is all right. I don't think that we have had one for the past six months.

MR. NEWMAN: But you see the impossibility—in London?

Quite Another Matter

"How would you teach a girl to skate?"
"How? I should take her gently by the hand, put me arm around her dainty waist, like this. press her to me manly bosom, and——"
"Garn! *It's my sister!*"

EDITOR: Not at all. What is the difficulty?

MR. NEWMAN: Why, the whole atmosphere of the incident. The fields——

EDITOR: Have it in Lincoln's Inn Fields, if you like. Let me give you a rough outline. (*To Lady Secretary*): Miss Brown, just type this as I go on, please, and then Mr. Newman can take it with him. Call it "Mildred's Mad Bull"—much more snappy or a title than the other. Then open straight away without any beating about the bush:

"'Excuse me, but I think that this is yours.'

"Mildred turned with a start. 'Oh, thank you,' she said, accepting the proffered glove. 'How careless of me! I suppose I dropped it as I crossed the road.'

"'Yes,' said Vivien, looking down admiringly into her velvet eyes, and thinking how they seemed to light up the dull prosaic region sacred to the legal profession—for the incident had taken place in Lincoln's Inn Fields. 'Yes, you did. But'—with a frank boyish candour that became him well—'I kept it for a minute for the pleasure of watching you.'

"Mildred's eyes fell before his honest admiration. She would have gone on, yet she lingered. At that moment a confused outcry, mingled with the roar of some infuriated animal, reached their ears.

"'What can it mean?' exclaimed Mildred, trembling and turning pale.

"'Do not be afraid,' he replied, drawing himself up with a gesture of simple manliness that became him—'Whatever it is, I am here to protect you, and it is unlikely to come this way.'

"But even as he spoke these reassuring words, the roar grew louder, and the next moment a huge and maddened bull emerged from Little Turnstile, and, with dilated eyes and proudly arching neck, bore down upon them. Mildred gave a despairing cry, but Vivien was equal to the emergency. He had already noticed that they were standing beneath a lamp-post.

"'Quick!' he cried, lifting her lithe and fragile form in his arms. 'Pull yourself up to the bar and sit there!'

"Even at that moment he did not fail to notice the easy grace with which she swung herself on to that precarious perch.

"'Save yourself!' she called down in an agony of dread. 'Oh, do something—but there is no more room up here.'"

CHRISTMAS GREETING

A Hogshead of Luck

There, you see, that cuts out about two thousand words of opal sunsets and purple headlands, and reaches the same point.

MR. NEWMAN (*somewhat dazed*): But what—what on earth is a mad bull doing in the heart of London?

EDITOR: For the matter of that, what is a mad bull doing on the coast of Cornwall? A mad bull must be somewhere, and considering the relative importance of the place it is much more likely to be in London than in Cornwall.

MR. NEWMAN (*anxious to propitiate*): I certainly now see the possibility of such an incident taking place in London, sir; and if your wide experience thinks the change desirable, I will alter the venue, of course. But I might remind you that originally the bull was introduced to part Mildred and Vivien immediately after he had saved her life.

EDITOR: True; I had forgotten that. (*Briskly, after a five seconds' pause.*) And a very good opportunity it gives you, too, for something really stirring, after this style. Miss Brown!

"On, on, he tore. The thundering hoofs behind seemed nearer every step, the hot, sickening breath of the mighty beast rolling onward from its bellowing throat, lapped round him like a vaporous cloth that would choke him in its folds. As in a dream, the long vista of the lamps of Oxford Street rose, only to fall in his wake, the familiar landmarks melted; like a nightmare the noises of the street and the cries of those behind blended into one great roar, like rushing water in his ears. A shot rang out, still the pursuing hoofs never faltered. On, on, on. From the top of a Bayswater 'bus a blue-garbed butcher trumpeted through his hands a stentorian message, possibly words of encouragement or advice, but they were as impotent to reach him as puny snow-flakes in a driving storm. On, on, still and ever on. At the window of a well-known soap emporium the beast paused, but only for a moment, and, as if refreshed by the halt, brief as it had been, it came on faster than before. Vivien's breath was coming in gasps now; his burning feet blundered once or twice in their duty. The pursuing hoofs were certainly nearer, the horrid breath lapped him in a closer embrace. The world around grew dim; the end could only be a matter of seconds now. 'Mildred!' he murmured between his set teeth, and at the word hope grew anew within him. Ahead, through the hazy gloom, he had caught sight of the lights of the Frascati Restaurant. Ahead, but oh! how far it seemed, that brightly illuminated haven of refuge. Could he reach it?"

MR. NEWMAN (*bewildered out of all diplomacy*): But why in creation should he want to reach it? What has Frascati's to do with the story?

EDITOR (*shrugging his shoulders*): He must stop somewhere. You can't have the man pursued by a mad bull aimlessly wandering all over London with no definite object in view.

MR. NEWMAN (*recovering himself*): Oh, quite so. Only for the moment I failed to see the connection.

EDITOR: Anywhere else would do equally well, only I understood that you were keen on a little local colour. Let Vivien just reach the British Museum railings if you think Frascati's is too far, but if you find that the subject suits your pen there is no reason why you should not zigzag him all across Bloomsbury, and finally leave the bull foaming with rage outside the glass doors of Madame Tussaud's. The great thing is to keep him moving, and growing fainter, and the bull always getting nearer, and don't forget to let his breath come in gasps—sobbing gasps towards the finish. I've frequently watched people reading our stories in trains and tea-shops, and I've noticed that they almost invariably gasp themselves when the hard-pressed heroes do, if it's well sustained. Well, good afternoon. Sorry I can't detain you any longer now, but I've already overstepped——

MR. NEWMAN: Thank you. I think I understand the sort of thing you require exactly. And if I alter "The Mirage of a Soul" in the way you have taken so much trouble to explain, you think that you will be able to accept it?

EDITOR (*with sudden caution*): Of course, that depends on how it finally comes out. But I think that you have the foundation for a very striking piece of work there. By the way, what length did you say it was?

MR. NEWMAN: A little over eleven thousand words, I think.

EDITOR: Um. Better squeeze it down to three thousand five hundred. You'll find it all the crisper after a little trimming. That is practically our limit for a story of that type; the romantic period and heavy tragedies will stand another five hundred. Good afternoon.

MR. NEWMAN: Yes, I'll remember that. And may I address the manuscript to you personally?

EDITOR: Not at all necessary. Everything is carefully read, you may rely upon it. Ask to see Pogson when you bring it, if you like. Good afternoon. Miss Brown——

MR. NEWMAN: Good afternoon, and I'm greatly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken.

EDITOR: Not at all. Glad to be of any service, especially to a friend of Snarling's. Miss Brown, will you tell the general office to—— [*Exit Mr. Newman.*

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Olympia at a Distance

Congratulations to those responsible for the recent Motor Show. Olympia was a great success. It proved that our home makers are getting to grips with their work. It showed a very real interest on the part of the great "B.P." Cautious almost to a fault, we English move slowly—very slowly. For too long a time the public have had two minds about the motor. They saw its disadvantages clearly—its dust and its sometimes unpleasant speed; they regarded it as a rich man's indulgence, and were suspicious of its benefits and of its advantages. Without saying that the victory of the petrol vehicle is complete, I think we motorists may safely consider that it has made latterly substantial progress. The rapid progress of the car during the last few months has synchronised with the advent of the motor-'bus. The popularity of this vehicle is undoubted, and they are overcoming prejudice to an extraordinary extent. As long as the man in the street had no opportunity of riding in a motor, as long as his share in motoring was the dust the car raised, one could hardly expect him to be an enthusiastic admirer of the petrol vehicle. As long as he travelled slowly he considered the motor too fast.

Faster than a Cab

Now, for a penny, he can travel on a motor-'bus which is quicker than any hansom cab. Passengers on the vehicle see how quick they are; how safe, how wonderfully under control. The disadvantages of the horse are brought home to them in a practical manner. They realise the inconvenience of the crawling cab, and they feel impatient with the sleepy carter who drives in the middle of the road. The motor-'bus is doing more for the movement than one would have thought possible. The horsed 'bus won't be with us much longer. The uncomfortable, slow vehicles that the older companies provided for the public are distinctly out of fashion. On any route frequented by their petrol competitors the receipts of the

The Stranger within his Gates

GILES: "Maister he fair daft when he cotches hold of them trespassers"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

old-fashioned vehicle must be suffering heavily. The public aren't taking the slow old rattle boxes if by waiting they can get the quicker variety.

Fierce Competition Coming

At present motor-'bus chassis are as hard to come by as some of the popular makes of pleasure cars. All the companies want vehicles, and the makers have far more orders than they can execute. This state of things will not, however, last for very long. Numerous engineering firms are entering the ranks as producers, and the supply should before long be more in proportion to the demand. While this is all for the good of the travelling public, it is by no means certain that it will be good for shareholders. The present scarcity of motor-'buses operates in two ways: it compels the companies to pay too much for their rolling stock, and it also gives a false idea of the earning power of the new vehicles. The Vanguards and the Arrows are earning more money now than they probably will in the future, because everyone wishes to travel by them rather than by the horsed vehicle. Replace all the old 'buses by motors, and the takings of the motor-'buses now on the road must inevitably decrease. I don't wish in any way to hinder motor enterprise, but those putting money into these concerns must keep their eyes open. They should look a little ahead. Let them remember that the present state of affairs is transitory.

A State of Transition

Not only are our public service vehicles and 'buses in a state of transition, but so is the manufacture of pleasure cars. Various reports reach me of concerns that intend asking the public for their money. It looks as if a boom in motor company promoting is imminent—a boom which may reproduce many of the bad features of past motor finance. The public cannot be too careful how they subscribe to concerns; they cannot be too careful about putting good money into promotions when there is a tendency to over-capitalise the goodwill of a fashionable make. *Goodwill, in the present state of things, is not worth very much.* When keen competition arises, as it assuredly will arise, the best concerns will find it hard to pay dividends to their shareholders, if they have hundreds of thousands of capital represented by *Goodwill.* I strongly advise investors to be careful. Let them remember the disastrous cycle boom—the rush to get shares, the inflated prices, and the slump. French companies, too, should be regarded with suspicion. The sudden anxiety of several French firms to sell their factories and *goodwill* to the English public has a reason. I do not think I am far out in saying that those in the trade can see that in a year or two from now designs will be so standardised, and there will be so many at the game, that prices must come down. Consequently, the profits of the last few years, on which the value of their goodwill was based, will be a thing of the past. This is a Christmas number, and peace and goodwill towards men would more fittingly have occupied these pages. But the kind of *goodwill* that motor makers threaten to sell to the public had to be written about.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.

The Coupe des Pyrenees, stolen from Olympia

This trophy, given for one of the most interesting races of the year, was won by M. Sorel, on a 40 h.-p. De Dietrich car, against a field of eighty-nine competitors

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Amateur Sport

By H. S. SCRIVENER

The Referee Question

The following letter from a correspondent deals with a topic of considerable interest just now, especially in view of the recent mandate given by the authorities of the Cardiff district to their refereés :—

DEAR SIR,—I read some time ago your very interesting remarks about the manner in which Mr. Williams refereed the New Zealand *v.* Surrey match, and, as a spectator myself, agreed with all you said.

This agreement makes me venture to trouble you with a few views of my own on the subject. As a keen follower of Rugby, I make a point of seeing as many matches as possible, and try to cover as wide a circle of players as I can. If there is one thing that strikes me forcibly, it is the incompetence of the referee. One of the commonest breaches of the rules in an average Rugger match is to be seen in the way the half-backs pull the ball out of the scrum, and yet it is very unusual to find the referee give a penalty for it. Another common infringement which passes unnoticed is that of the player who, after the ball is held (especially if he be a forward), continues to struggle on a few feet, if he can. Again, I have noticed how improperly the ball is scrummaged on many occasions during a match. It is hardly in the scrummage when it is picked out by a player, and the referee allows it to be in play.

THE MAJOR: "Look here, Spavin, you'll have to take back that ill-tempered brute you sold me last week. I can do nothing with him"
DEALER: "Well, I don't mind giving you £20 for him"
THE MAJOR: "£20! Why, I gave you £50."
DEALER: "Ah! yes; but look what a good character you had with him, Major!"

These are a few of the more common of the flagrant abuses of the rules; but one more must be added, which is that it seems to me quite unusual to find the three-quarters on-side, if the game is in such a condition that generally the ball is going to their opponents, so that, instead of expecting the ball to come out to their own halves, the three-quarters are watching their opponents'. Again and again I have seen a three-quarter yards off-side without being penalised by the referee.

Other people may have had different experiences from mine, but the fact that I am only relating what I have seen makes me think that the average Rugby referee has either a very poor acquaintance with the rules, or, what perhaps is a better explanation, a want of courage in enforcing them.—Yours, etc.,

OBSERVER.

The Real Source of the Trouble

I entirely agree with my correspondent that refereeing nowadays is not what it should be, but I think that the reason for this is to be found in the development of an evil of a much more serious kind. I have no hesitation in saying that unfair play is on the increase, and when once a team takes the field, whose members, or even some of whose members, have no scruples about acting on the undeniable principle (as things are at present) that it pays to infringe the laws, the position of the referee becomes an impossible one. In an article which recently appeared in the *Field*, the following significant passage occurs :—

> At present it is quite impossible for a referee, with his eyes fixed on the ball, to detect the profitable infractions of the laws performed by players at a little distance, as anybody may see for himself if he will sacrifice, for the nonce, his attention to the course of the game in order to watch for sharp practices. It is no exaggeration to assert that, as things are, legality is impossible of enforcement. The laws could only be observed in their integrity by a fifteen thoroughly conversant with them and chivalrously anxious, as were the public school players of old, to decline an unfair advantage; and that fifteen would not win its matches.

Here we have the true source of the trouble. Dishonesty pays, and referees are powerless to stop it. Can we wonder if, in this state of affairs, even the honest player is tempted to stray from the paths of virtue? We are all human enough, and utilitarian enough, to say to ourselves, "What's the use of striving to be honest if you only lose thereby, while dishonesty gains and goes unpunished?" And on the top of all this we have the howls of the crowd of "sportsmen" who line the ropes, who object to any interference with what they call the progress of the game, and think nothing illegal so long as it doesn't tell against the side which they happen to be backing.

The Rugby Union Are Advised to Wake Up

Where is the remedy? It lies, to a small extent perhaps, with the players themselves, but principally with the Rugby Union. The laws of the game are complex, obscure, and easy of infringement, and the Rugby Union, instead of setting to work to strengthen and simplify them, sits complacently by and watches tricks being played with their complexity—tricks, too, for which the penalty provided is wholly inadequate, and which, if they are allowed to continue unchecked, will in time to come be regarded as natural "developments" of the game. My correspondent has mentioned some of the tricks that are rife just now, which are worth risking even when the referee is a good one; and

there is another one, perhaps the dirtiest of all, which he has overlooked — obstruction in its various forms. The time has come not merely for the Rugby Union to say that these tricks are illegal, but *to do something effective to prevent them*. They must amend the present collection of riddles which pass for laws in such a way that referees can administer them, and players can have no excuse for misinterpreting them. If this is beyond their capacity, they must at least devise a system of penalties sufficiently severe to deter the unscrupulous player from taking risks which it is now well worth his while to take. Unless something of the kind is done, I can foresee that not only will the supply of referees fail, but that the honest and straightforward Rugby man will be driven to betake himself to one of the several excellent winter games in which the law and the practice are more closely in unison.

Lacrosse: London v. Oxford and Cambridge

The combined 'Varsities were unable to put their full strength into the field against London at Lord's last Wednesday; and although they made a much better show than the score (10—0 in London's favour, indicates, still there is no doubt that London were by far the better side. Their defence was sounder, and their combination in attack far superior, particularly in the region of goal, where the homes worked together with rapidity and precision. The 'Varsities, on the other hand, though they often broke away, were slow in elaborating the final movement, and thus gave a skilled opposition time to frustate their designs. Their shooting, too, was inaccurate, and some shots which might have scored were stopped by Whiteway in a marvellous fashion, while Ramsey, the London captain, also contributed largely to the impregnability of the London defence. He is one of those players who seem to know instinctively the quarter from which danger is threatened. Of the front rank, Lavy was quite at the top of his game, and his crosse work was almost perfect. He was always on the move, and yet always in the right place, and his shooting was deadly, five of the goals being scored by him. Sutton also played finely, and Hough, though less brilliant than his fellow homes, was nearly always sound. On the other side, Ascoli, in goal, had a very trying time, and could hardly have done better than he did, while of the rest the wing men were about the best. I had to hurry to Lords, in order to be in time for the face, but I need not have done so, for it took place nearly twenty minutes late. I hope Lacrosse is not trying to outdo Rugby football in the matter of unpunctuality.

Bailiff: "Wiv' the compliments of the seizing, sir"

DRAWN BY CHAS. BELCHER

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

I am in the mood to be frivolous. In fact, to make confession, it is an attitude I am cultivating, and should advise everyone to do likewise, with a view to meeting Christmas and Christmassy affairs in a truly sympathetic and time-honoured spirit. Failing frivolity, this traditional hour is apt to be too lugubrious for words, and I have found from experience, and probably many others have done so also, that there must be no half measure with this Christmas spirit. Bathos is too nearly allied to pathos to venture a tentative attitude; one's only chance is to live in the clouds, and, as boys say, *play the fool.*

That the spirit of spending has got hold of us is pretty clearly evidenced by the congested condition of the West End. After two o'clock in the afternoon all the favourite thoroughfares are impassable, and those of us who motor have, perforce, become *au fait* with all the quiet *détours*, a circuitous route that permits of a free run, saving time in the end. So through the Park, in and about Mayfair, with a final spurt up Hay Hill, and we are in Dover Street, or Petticoat Lane, as I should prefer to call it in my present frivolous turn of mind. And once in Dover Street, the face of fashionable woman turns, as naturally as the sunflower to her god, to

Paquin

What a bright, gay, chattering *atélier* this is, calculated to inspire the dullest to leave care behind, and revel and riot in beautiful modes and millinery. We want more of this Parisian atmosphere in England; dress under its influence seems the simplest affair in the world, instead of being, as is most frequently the case, the most worrying, carking care. At Paquin's they think for you, and literally carry you along by sheer exuberance and lightness of heart. And that way spells inspiration.

Antelope gloves for winter wear at Messrs. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road

There have never been such furs as Paquin is showing this season, the quality of the skins being, in the first instance, superlative; although like the latter-day setting of jewels rich and rare, scarcely secondary to the quality, is the perfect manipulation thereof. The delicious little touches of Oriental and Japanese embroideries, the tiny velvet *gilets*, that suddenly reveal themselves as the front of the coats are thrown back, the exquisite blendings of colour, and that quaint silk cravat, one of the most attractive features of the season, together with a very host of other incidental items that a Paquin alone is able to evolve.

No one of the rival *couturières* have attempted to vie with Paquin in their presentment of the Empire. Here, as in many other instances, they hold the hand supreme, and one realises easily how, lacking the special influence they have brought to bear on the Empire, the latter would inevitably have continued to hang fire, instead of standing, as it does to-day, a thoroughly recognised vogue.

With the millinery, it is quite impossible to keep pace; every day sees the stock enriched by further consignments from Paris, where the novelties appear simultaneously. Just at the moment, perhaps, satin hats are disposed to take something of a leading place that the few only will deny them the grace of justifiably filling. The cavalier hat, illustrated here, is an irresistible model, of smoke-grey satin, with brim of velvet, plumed with purple ostrich feathers. Two rows of gold tinsel braid encircle the crown, and a *cache-peigne* of grey tulle accounts for the *chic* forward tilt. The companion model is graphically described as a little riding model, and is effected in Lincoln-green satin, with felt under brim; crossway folds of velvet enclose the crown, and a great green bird, with curious pale green and brown speckled tail feathers, nestles inside the curled-up brim at the left side. And the *cache-peigne*, again, to this affair is a noteworthy example of daring millinery taste and deftness.

A warm motoring glove at Messrs. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road

Some Novelties in Belts

Possibly spurred by the rapid inroads made by the corselet skirt, the pioneers of belts have been surpassing themselves in the providing of fresh designs, and, at the same time, cleverly diversifying some favourite existing models. Foremost among the quite new departures is an elastic velvet, usually made up in two strands, crossed at the back through a fancy gilt buckle, a corresponding clasp closing the affair in front. Quite excellent in appearance also is a perfectly straight belt, about four inches deep, in chiffon velvet, the narrow elongated buckle being also velvet. These last look particularly smart accompanying a cloth skirt and a lace blouse, with relieving touches of velvet harmonising in tone.

"Les Dessous"

The *jupon* is at last, after many long years of waiting,

Millinery at Paquin's, Dover Street

justifying its existence; and now, having really arrived, it is prepared to take a sweet revenge by leading us into a riotous expenditure on its behalf.

On the petticoat, full, frilly and frivolous, depends the whole welfare of the plain skirt — now decreed Sometimes, as in the case of a short skating corselet-skirt, the petticoat frills are actually attached to the *jupe* itself, as there is supposed to be less fear of catching the feet in the meshes that way, whereas the slightly trained habit-skirts are not lined at all, save just at the hem, and are worn over silk petticoats of most extravagant order of fussiness.

It is an accepted *sine quâ non* with the really well-dressed woman of the hour that the *au dessous* of her attire shall be pronouncedly *soigne*. One understands how this tempestuousness beneath accentuates by contrast the studied simplicity of outline that now prevails exteriorly. Some of the petticoats of the very latest and most *recherché genre* are frilled to the knee inside and out, while others carry small fortunes of lace, embroideries, and fine stitcheries. Flounces of net run over in a large scroll design of *bébé* Valenciennes drawn at one edge creates, perhaps, the fussiest effect at the smallest cost with a plethora of gathered silk frills at the foot; or net striped with narrow moiré ribbon is exceedingly effective, a wider ribbon fashioning the inevitable *frou-frou* at the hem. But the story is endless, practically everything being accounted acceptable in the sight of the *modiste* gods, provided a petticoat of real distinction and elegant character is provided.

A Gift that Never Fails

The Alpha and Omega of Christmas gloves is to be seen at Messrs. Shoolbred's, at Tottenham Court Road. The Davos, illustrated, with gauntlet strap, is of Veldeer, in tan and slate, lined through with squirrel, a glove that cannot be surpassed for real comfort and durability, and only 21*s*. Also lined with squirrel is the two-button Egal buck, a smart, neatly cut *gant* that gives no evidence of its fur interior from an outward aspect. And these are even cheaper, 14*s*. 6*d*. only. Then the serious motorist must perforce be charmed with an exceedingly soft, warm, knitted motoring quality, completed by a long, fleecy gauntlet that will stretch over any cuff or cling affectionately to the wrist, as is desired. The Rutland, again, is an admirable notion, built of leather, lined wool, and concluding in knitted woollen armlets; while there are fur gloves galore, ranging in price from 10*s*. 6*d*. to three guineas, one and all whereof make a special plea in the seasonable cause of Christmas souvenirs.

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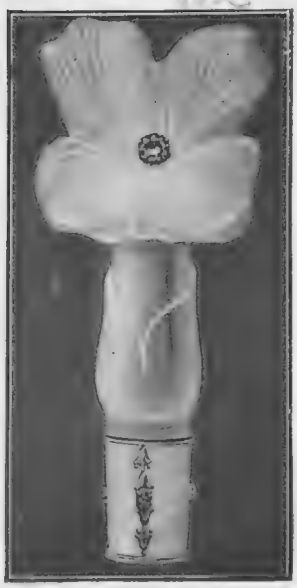
Shopping for Christmas

From Time Immemorial

Fashions and fancies may come and go, but the umbrella, as a gift, goes on for ever. And when that necessity of life assumes the particular aspect of an offering, it behoves one to step warily, since in these days of cutting prices the City productions are induced to take on a fictitious air of worth that an incredibly short service most emphatically dispels.



Iris-topped umbrella handle,
At Messrs. Brigg and Sons

Now there is just one place in London where umbrellas are *sans reproche*, and that is at Messrs. Brigg and Sons, whose temporary address during rebuilding of the old premises in St. James's Street is No. 5, Under their exclusive influence umbrellas, *en cas*—the latest colloquialism for *en-tout-cas* — and sticks assume an undreamt-of importance, and at the same time take on a character that is wholly individual.

Although fully a year old now, the existence of that capital pig-skin handle to umbrellas and sticks has yet to arrive with the many, and it is difficult to imagine a Christmas gift more likely to be appreciated by either sex than one of these smart practical pig-skin handled umbrellas. With wear, of course, the pelt becomes polished and deeper in tone, and the wear, it need scarcely be added, is endless. For many years now — indeed, from time immemorial — have this firm given themselves over to the consideration of handles, rich, rare, and novel, a supply fully justified by the demand there is for these as wedding, birthday, and Christmas gifts.

Before the wealth of choice that prevails, not merely in design, but variety of material culled to the cause, one pauses in dismay; but happily, to aid my descriptive powers, three of the latest achievements are illustrated. Of these, perhaps, the Iris is the most obvious in outline, an exquisite top, fashioned of rock crystal, with a sapphire in the centre; the collar, as is the technical name of the base, is of opaque-white enamel, ornamented with delicate gold flutes, set with sapphires. Shown in a box, with attendant gold points, is a unique fluted topaz handle set round with olivine at the base, while the third choice is represented by a ball of fluted Chinese jade, mounted in a collar of red and white enamel, enriched with chasings of gold.

Umbrella top of Chinese jade
At Messrs. Brigg and Sons

A feature of these handles is that they are made to screw on, so that they can be removed at will from umbrella to *en cas*, the stick of each being, of course, provided with the complementary portion of the screw. A quite inexpensive top, accompanied by points, is a silver-gilt egg-shape nob, set with tiny jewels; and those of gun-metal are peculiarly effective, also contrasted with diamonds; while in their deft handling of tortoise-shell, Messrs. Brigg are acknowledged experts. They have also bestowed an immense amount of attention on enamelling, which is wrought under exceptional circumstances, the services for which it is exacted being of the finest and most delicate order.

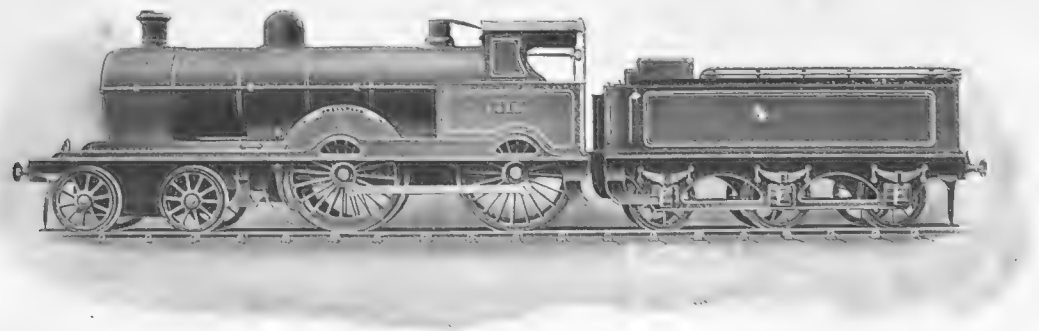
The Toy of The Century

Every year, notably at Christmas, the miniature trains with their attendant plant put forth fresh fascinations, with the result that this toy is, to-day, as it has been for the last seven or eight years, the leading interest in all the big Christmas Bazaars. Electricity and clockwork are the leading motive powers, and so realistic in every way are the models to-day, that the boy of mechanical mind and intelligence can amass quite an appreciable amount of valuable knowledge from this so-called plaything. The more so, if he is sufficiently fortunate to be the recipient of one of those wonderful miniature models built by Messrs. Bassett-Lowke and Co., Northampton. These are absolutely correct models of existing patents, correct to the most minute detail. And that they may be the more thoroughly enjoyed, the firm have brought out a most helpful little brochure, which elucidates in plain, vigorous language the various workings of the system, together with the differing powers of clockworked and steam-worked mechanism, together with a host of information respecting the caring and tending of the machinery.

Case of umbrella fittings
At Messrs. Brigg and Sons

A Departure in Reproductions

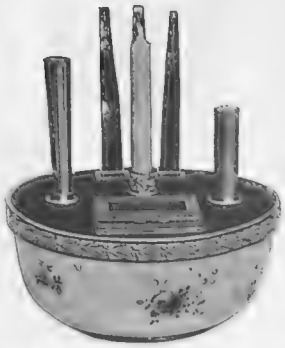
When the Yuletide season is over and passed, Macmichael, of 42, South Audley Street, will — it is simply a foregone conclusion — have only food for congratulation over their introduction of the antique Brittany jewellery into our midst. Of oxidized silver, this jewellery is noted for its delicate filigree work and quaintness of design. It is set with pink crystals and is most wonderfully effective. The pendants are especially seductive, and for the most part take the form of a cross, after some such typical fashioning as the



A wonderful miniature model engine, constructed by Bassett-Lowke and Co., Northampton

example illustrated. Even from the picture the barbaric intention may be gleaned, although the colouring is largely responsible for the success as a decorative whole.

Enchanting writing-table accessories are presented in Sévre china and Guilloche work. These are really fascinating and quite out of the common, illustration being offered of a bowl-shaped inkstand and pen-rack, and corresponding writing companion, containing silver-gilt seal, match-box, and taper-lighter. With an old French or marqueterie bureau, these would be delightfully sympathetic. To connoisseurs and lovers of glass, probably the most attractive choice at Macmichael's will be the reproduction of Trianon work, recalling the days of Marie Antoinette. The delicate wreaths and posies with which this glass is ornamented, reflects all the charming taste of the period when the artistic sense was at its zenith; while devotees of china cannot fail to find the most complete satisfaction in some old Valenciennes china, mounted in gilt, and comprising the whole of the accepted writing-table appurtenances. Macmichael, moreover, has brought out a most exhaustive catalogue, exceptionally well illustrated, and with prices clearly marked, so that, failing the possibility of a personal visit, selection could perfectly well be made from that.



Bowl-Shaped Inkstand and Pen-rack
At J. Macmichael's

The Daintiest of Knick-Knacks

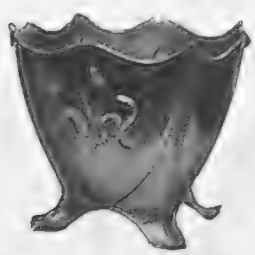
At Peter Robinson's, Regent Street, special emphasis in laid on the pretty persuasive frivolities so dear to the fastidious woman's heart, represented by bead reticules, Vanity bags, and purses, painted and embroidered sachets, etc. An effort, crowned by complete success, has been made to get out of the ordinary ruck of such things, and several fresh and interesting fields of fascination have been opened up here, and, as is the way of the house, exclusively maintained.

That prominent affectation of the season, the theatre reticule, containing small opera-glass, folded fan, vanity case, and purse, is offered under exceptionally pleasing auspices, and the woman will need to be adamantine indeed who can resist its wiles, for a more handy invention there has never been offered. Nor is there, in all London, better taste to be found in its portrayal than at the Regent Street Peter Robinson's.

Jewel Case with Pendants
At Macmichael's

Electrical Fittings

Now that electric lighting is within reach of every householder, the matter of tasteful and artistic fitments crops up. One cannot do better than call in at 38, Conduit Street, New Bond Street, W., where the extensive and well-stocked showrooms of the Electrical Fittings Company are situated. There one can select fittings of every description. Steel table standards, of elegant design, are a speciality, and in addition to every kind of bracket and other up-to-date appliance for electric lighting, this Company stock a number of beautiful articles in hammered copper, and old pewter, such as photo frames, bridge boxes, gongs, and cigar boxes. These latter make handsome Christmas presents, and they have the charm of being out of the common run of presents. The illustrations are from some of the various articles on view at Conduit Street.



Dull Gilt Flower Pot, 26/-
Oxidized Copper Finish, 28/-
At Electrical Fittings Co.

A Gift of Real Value

We are really, at last, progressing out of the stupid belief that a Christmas gift must necessarily be some showy, useless gimcrack, and beginning to realise the graciousness of an offering that has been thought out with a view to meeting some individual need or fancy. Regarding the perplexing Christmas present problem from this aspect, it is wonderful how the atmosphere clears at once, and when resources are limited and demands are many, let two or three gather their money together and concentrate it on some one really appreciable offering, such as one of those cosy armchairs at Messrs. Heal and Son, Tottenham Court Road. The firm hold a special diploma for designing and building chairs, that not only look restful, but are restful in the very highest degree. So many technical details go to this consummation, it is impossible for an ignoramus to enter into constructional matters, but of this much we may rest assured, that only the best of workmanship throughout is employed.

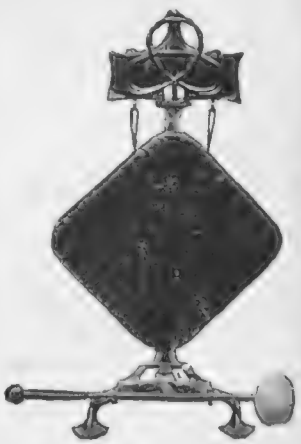
One whole salon is given up to styles in easy chairs, hints from every period and style having been culled to their success, and applied under the supervising eye of one who carries at his finger ends the whole intricacies of the art. For an art it is to create the ideal chair, into which we can sink and dream dreams of a life that is not all strenuousness and strife. Also has it been reserved for Messrs. Heal to prove that a really good article can be turned out at a reasonable price.

That deep-seated piped back chair, illustrated, is stuffed throughout with hair, and covered with one of Heal's carefully selected cretonnes for £4. It represents a perfect choice for a smoke-room or University den, and would not be at all out of place in my lady's boudoir.

More essentially, perchance, for the male being is the other model illustrated, described as a Rack Back Chair, the back, as the name implies, permitting itself to be adjusted at will. The frame of this is oak, fitted with tapestry cushions, and the price only 35*s*.

A Popular Rendezvous

Just now, when balls, charitable and otherwise, *cafés chantants*, bazaars, and cheerful entertainments generally, are on the tapis, one pauses to remark on the accepted popularity of the Hyde Park Hotel. Such places have lucky cycles, I am persuaded. Every affair given at the rendezvous in question, of recent days, has been crowned with success—which may, of course, be mere chance, or good management. Probably a little of both, aided by a position that marks the centre of smart social environment.



Oxidized Copper Table Gong, 27/-
Oxidized Silver, 30/-
At Electrical Fittings Co.

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"Mother Goose" biscuit box
Huntley and Palmer

A Genuine Christmas Bazaar

"Fairyland for children and an Eldorado for 'grown-ups'" sums up in a few words the delights to be found at Messrs. Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, where presents of a truly captivating order are spread out in most fascinating array. True to the spirit of the age for giving the younger members of the community first place, Messrs. Peter Robinson have prepared for them the sweetest, prettiest little snow-clad village, to enter which one must pass through a silver turnstile, the toll of one shilling being refunded twofold—first, by the pleasure of entering so delightful a precinct; and secondly, by the generosity of a dear old Father Christmas, who starts off in his little motor-car in quest of a present for his small visitor. And he never fails to find a gift suitable to either a boy or girl, as by an ingenious distribution of different coloured tickets this becomes a quite feasible task.

There is, too, at this great Oxford Street emporium, an amazing wealth of choice in Christmas tree adornments, and anyone wishing to strike a particularly novel note in artistic decoration could not possibly do better than pay a speedy visit here. There is, for example, a miniature plum pudding, realistic in every detail, that on being opened reveals a capacious receptacle for sweets, and a "Pig in a Poke," represented by a quaint little animal comfortably ensconced in a boy's leather boot. Tinsel toys, flags, balls, etc., there are galore, while the assortment of new and amusing games has never before been equalled.

Tasty Tit-Bits

That we one and all resolve into *gourmands* at Christmas-time there can be no shadow of doubt, and small wonder when such a firm as Messrs. Huntley and Palmer conspire together to produce the little tempting morsels that each year, as it comes along, one sees issuing from their great biscuit manufactory. According to their usual custom, they are prepared to enter the lists of Christmas present purveyors, with the most delightful selection of fancy boxes containing biscuits of the best and superfine quality.

Rack-back Chair. Price 35s.
From Messrs. Heal and Sons, Tottenham Court Road

To extol Messrs. Huntley and Palmer's wares at this time of day would be little short of presumption, since there is no household in this or any other land that cannot vouch for their excellence. And to say that a biscuit or cake comes from this great Reading firm is equivalent, at once, to pronouncing it perfection. We may, therefore, take it for granted that the interior of Messrs. Huntley and Palmer's pretty Christmas offerings are replete with the best of these dainty confections of theirs, while we can see for ourselves the pretty, useful little receptacles in which they are concealed.

Among the latest fancies is a charmingly wrought enamel casket, filled with the choicest fancy biscuits, and completed with a dear little pocket diary and almanack, offering "The compliments of the season" to its fortunate recipient. Another, of equally attractive character being the mahogany casket, this, a most cunningly devised affair, presenting a mahogany effect to the life, and containing such well-known fancies as Vienna, Corsica, Madeira, or Naples biscuits. There are two styles of work-baskets that offer themselves with much conviction as genuinely serviceable little gifts. The covers are in real basket-work, with tin linings calculated to preserve the freshness of their present precious contents, while a casket of specially pleasing description has been selected for pictorial expression here. This is particularly adapted for children, and is known by the title of "Old Mother Goose" Its graceful outer aspect is only equalled by its concealed delights of delicious biscuits—and what healthy-minded child is there, I wonder, who would not heartily welcome such a gift—while it comes at once to solve the difficulty of what to select for the little one, who is certain to be overwhelmed with toys, games, etc. For one can never have too much of a good thing, and most certainly a good thing it is that comes to us at the hands of Messrs. Huntley and Palmer.

The Marguerite Expanding Bracelet

Most prominent amongst the novelties included under the heading of "Jewellery" are the Patent Marguerite Expanding Bracelets. These plain gold, watch or jewelled bracelets are obtainable at most of the leading jewellers and stores, including Vickery's (of Regent Street), Harrod's Stores, etc., at reasonable prices. Whilst as an adornment they are equal to anything now on the market, they will be found more serviceable than any other, since there is no safety chain to worry about. They simply cannot slip off. In other words, they cannot be lost.

Where to Spend Christmas

It seems almost impossible to believe that fog, cold, and dampness are prevailing in the towns when the late arrivals at Harrogate write of the soft breezes and warm sunshine prevailing in this most delightful of winter resorts. The gaiety of the town has been much added to by the new enterprising American manager at the Grand Hotel, who has decided to keep this famous hostelry open throughout the winter, and has introduced many novel features for the entertainment of the guests. The luxury and comfort of the Grand Hotel appeal to the many fashionable people who have already secured accommodation for the holidays, and the extremely moderate terms place these attractions within the reach of people of moderate incomes.

Deep-Seated Pipe Chair. Price, £4
From Messrs. Heal and Sons, Tottenham Court Road

Menu of a Luncheon for Christmas Day

HORS D'OEUVRES
Sardines Maître d'Hôtel
Filets de Sole au Gratin
Mutton Cutlets with Soubise Sauce
Game Pie Salad
Claret Jelly Mince Pies (cold)
Cheese Coffee

Sardines Maitre d'Hotel

Take six sardines, a dessertspoonful of parsley chopped fine, one thin slice of onion pounded fine, one tablespoonful of Chili vinegar, half a pint of melted butter, and a round of toast; scrape the sardines, arrange them neatly on toast, and put the above sauce over them, adding a squeeze of lemon-juice and cayenne.

Filets de Sole au Gratin

Wash and skin one large sole, or two small ones, remove the head and fins, score the fish with a knife, rub it with lemon-juice, and season with pepper and salt, well butter a china fire-proof dish, sprinkle it with breadcrumbs, put in the fish, and put over it four chopped mushrooms and a tablespoonful of parsley, cover it well with breadcrumbs, on the top of which put about 1 oz. of butter in small pieces. Put in enough good and well-flavoured stock to surround the fish, but not to cover it. Bake till hardly any gravy remains. Serve in the dish in which it is baked.

Mutton Cutlets with Soubise Sauce

Broil some neatly trimmed cutlets and serve on a wall of mashed potato with Soubise Sauce.

SOUBISE SAUCE.—Blanch two medium-sized onions in salted boiling water, drain them and chop up finely. Put this on again with 1oz. of butter and cook till quite tender, but do not let it colour. Put the purée into half a pint of good white sauce, flavour with castor sugar, pepper, salt, and half a gill of cream, and serve with the cutlets.

Game Pie

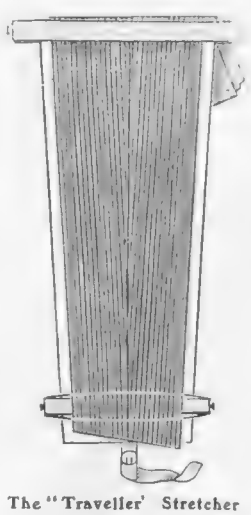
For this pie some farci meat will be required, which is prepared as follows: Pound ¼ lb. of any lean meat, game or fowl, till quite smooth; add by degrees 2 oz. of butter, two eggs, ¼ lb. of Béchamel sauce, cold; season. Beat all through a fine sieve. Now use this farci meat and boned game, enough to fill the raised pie-dish. Stew the bones with vegetables till all the goodness is extracted. When cold, remove the fat, colour and boil down to a glaze. Fry the boned game in a little butter, line the dish with rows of farci meat and rows of game. Sprinkle all with pepper and salt and a little chopped parsley, add some of the reduced stock, fill up within an inch of the top of the dish, pour the rest of the stock over it. Put it in a stew-pan of hot water and let it simmer three hours or more. When cold cover with aspic jelly. EMILIA.

SOME NOVELTIES IN MEN'S CLOTHING

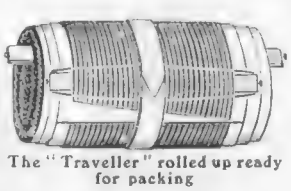
Though nobody would wish the male sex to acquire the habit of paying too close an attention to fashion's caprices in the matter of dress, there is no doubt that continuous neglect of the reforms which are from time to time affected in certain matters sartorial by those who devote expert brains to their consideration, will mean loss of time, temper, and money, which, if carefully preserved, may be useful in later life.

A New Stretcher

Reforms *are* being made in the male wardrobe, and there is little or no excuse for the man who is wilfully blind to them. Take, for instance, that useful, necessary contrivance, the trouser-stretcher. Its necessity is denied by no ordinarily well-dressed man, but the ideal is attainable even in this article. Not only is a stretcher required which will do its work efficiently, but, like motor-cars, bicycles, and most other modern inventions, one is wanted which is compact, light, simple, and easy of manipulation. Such is the "Traveller" trouser-stretcher, the patent of Mr. T. M. Lewin, 18, Jermyn Street, S.W. The "Traveller" differs from its predecessors in that it *rolls up*. Not only are the garments fixed on it with deadly certainty, and with the maximum of tension, but after being fixed, the stretcher, with its contents, can be rolled up and placed inside a drawer, or carried in a portmanteau occupying no more room than a pair of boots, an advantage which will be at once appreciated by travelling men. It fixes in half a minute, and its weight is 1½ lb., and its price 10*s.* 6*d.*



The "Traveller" Stretcher



The "Traveller" rolled up ready for packing

A shirt is not exactly, one would think, an institution susceptible of reform. One is apt to accept the shirt as a sartorial last-word, and yet who is there that has not, at some time or another, upbraided it? For instance, when donning evening clothes, has it never struck you that the way mankind in general slips on his shirt is clumsy and foolish to a degree? The struggle to get it over one's head, disarranging one's hair, is familiar to all. And yet how simple the remedy. One of Mr. Lewin's specialities is the coat shirt, into the sleeves of which one simply slips the arms, as if it were a coat, and the thing is on possessing the additional advantage of fitting more closely, and without any "bulge."

Something about Hunting-Stocks

Man's scarf sorrows are innumerable, and yet so easily avoided by the adoption of one or two simple remedies. The trouble, for instance, of wearing a dress-tie or hunting-stock to advantage is realised by most men. Some law of nature seems to have made it impossible for some people to keep their tie down, especially with dress. By using the "Meynell" collar-clip, obtainable from Mr. Lewin, trouble vanishes once for all. It adheres to the collar-stud, and is therefore as stationary as that article itself. The tie can be gracefully tied over it, and kept perfectly in position without displaying the little secret of its success—the "Meynell"—as that article will be hidden in the folds of the tie.

Hunting men all know the vices of the average hunting-stock, how difficult it is to keep in position and shape, and also what havoc is wrought upon it by the laundress as a result of the stiffening which fills it. All this is done away with in Mr. Lewin's "Nimrod." This stock is free from those defects. It has no stiffening, but is a simple linen fold, combining collar and tie in ideal unity. It can be pulled to any tightness without the fear of crumpling, and combines practicability with neatness in an ideal fashion.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

NEW THEATRE. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
EVERY EVENING at 9.
MATINÉE, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 3.
"CAPTAIN DREW ON LEAVE," by H. H. DAVIES.
CHARLES WYNDHAM, MISS MARION TERRY, and MISS MARY MOORE.

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 8.15. (doors open 8), THE BUGLE CALL, Mlle. Adeline Genee, Première Danseuse. ROGUES AND VAGABONDS, A REVUE. Supported by Specially Selected Varieties. MATINÉE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.—Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS

"Hours with Rabelais." Edited by F. G. Stokes. (Methuen: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Patience Games." By "Tarbart." (De La Rue: 7s. 6d.)

The Quiver. Half-yearly volume. (Cassell: 7s. 6d.)

"Let Youth but Know." By "Kappa." (Methuen: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Billiards for Everybody." By Charles Roberts. (Routledge: 1s.)

"Harry Keppel." By Algernon West. (Smith Elder: 7s. 6d. net.)

"Cat Tales." By W. L. Alden. (Digby, Long: 6s.)

"The Army of a Dream." By Rudyard Kipling. Reprinted from "Traffics and Discoveries." (Macmillan: 6d. net.)

"The Paramor Papers." By Florence Popham. (J. W. Arrowsmith: 3s. 6d.)

"The Gentle Golfer." By Dr. Macnamara, M.P. (Simpkin, Marshall: 1s.)

"The Theatrocat." By John Davidson. (E. Grant Richards: 5s. net.)

"Love's Fickleness." By W. Bird Allen. (T. Sealey Clark.)

"The Prevention of Senility." By Sir James Crichton-Browne. (Macmillan: 2s. 6d. net.)

"Brooke Foss Westcott." By Arthur Westcott. (Macmillan: 8s. 6d. net.)

"Life in Morocco." By Budgett Meakin. (Chatto and Windus: 12s. 6d. net.)

"Recollections." By William O'Brien, M.P. (Macmillan: 14s. net.)

"Heart's Desire." By Emerson Hough. (Macmillan: 6s.)

NEW FICTION

"The Sands of Pleasure." By Filson Young. (E. Grant Richards: 6s.)

"A Stepmother in Ambush." By Sarah Tytler. (Digby, Long: 6s.)

"A King's Tragedy." By May Wynne. (Digby, Long.)

"The Snips for Snobs." By the Duchess of Drumsheugh. (Dobson Molle: 6d.)

"The Secret of the Turret." By Ethel F. Heddle. (6s.)

"Isabella." By John Keats. New edition. (John Lane: 1s. and 1s. 6d.)

"The Macdermots of Ballycloran." By Anthony Trollope. New edition. (John Lane: 1s. 6d. and 2s.)

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

"The Unicorn Book." (De La Rue: 3s. net.)

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A Woman's Note Book

SOME ASPECTS OF CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

After all there is no place quite like London! I say this, be it understood, in high praise. But it is specially attractive when it begins to be Christmassy. I walked down Regent Street the other day; it was some time since I had done so, and even then it was more the delight of its familiarities than any necessity which took me there. There it was, just the same as ever, with its noise and its brightness and its dulness, and its dear shops not quite decked out in their full glory, but already giving vague hints that anything and everything was "suitable for presents," if only one could be got to look at them in that way. I think, too, the shoppers are nicer as we get near Christmas; they are not nearly so grasping, heartless, or inclined to restlessly hunt bargains, when their purchases are made for other people. Men have poured endless abuse upon the shopping moods of their sister women, and, truly, to see them at the sales is not to know them at their best; but I think most of these stern male judges would alter their opinion if they could see the real labour many women undergo at this season of the year in order to give a little extra pleasure and expression of kindliness to a wide circle of friends, rich and poor.

Madame Giachetti

Who sang for the last time this season at Covent Garden last Thursday in *Madame Butterfly*, and who has throughout proved the bright particular star—after, of course, Madame Melba—of the opera this season

I wonder, though, why people never *can* buy their Christmas presents in better time; it would certainly save them much unnecessary trouble and fatigue if they could manage to get their shopping finished, say, a fortnight before Christmas. But, no! right up to Christmas Eve the shops are crowded with eager buyers, who toss over Christmas cards and roam about with an armful of selected gifts, unable to find anyone to serve them. They jostle up against one another, and tread on each other's toes or skirts; get tired, muddled, and forget what they want, and then, weary and dissatisfied, cannot find a single quiet corner in which to have a rest and a cup of tea. This is really making a misery of what might be a pleasure. It *is* in itself a pleasure; for that queer creature woman loves to shop, especially when she doesn't quite know what she wants; but then she loves to have plenty of time to do it in, and be able to change her mind over and over again. Of course, this is quite right! There is scope for endless entertainment if she can spend half an hour in choosing a photograph frame; but if, owing to crowds and general inconveniences, she is obliged to take the third or fourth—she does so merely because it happens to be the price, size, shape, and colour she wanted—why then all the romance of shopping is left out.

Personally, I like to buy all my Christmas presents in very good time; put them away on a shelf and get them out periodically for a good inspection. Of course, this may be a very childish way of behaving, and I am not prepared to defend such conduct, except by mentioning that it is only what innumerable women do with their clothes, and no one finds fault; even the most superior would only go so far as to give an indulgent smile towards this weakness they do not themselves share. One girl of my acquaintance spreads out all her frocks for her own private inspection when she is attacked with the blues, and another, if similarly afflicted, puts on her pet clothes and dresses her hair in a new style. So surely to cover the table with one's own Christmas gifts, and sit and complacently admire them, reflecting how this friend will revel in her book, and another gaze with pride upon her dainty lace scarf, how the small boy will ruin his parents nerves, but gladden his own heart, with his box of tools, and the wee girl cling to her woolly dog—surely all this is a very harmless and innocent form of pleasure. Why, one gets no entertainment out of Christmas presents at all if it is necessary to dispatch them by the first post and scarcely see them If one happens to have the good fortune to have many friends they make an array delightful to behold.

LADY PHYLLIS.

Madame Giachetti

Madame Giachetti has been one of the bright particular stars of the opera season at Covent Garden, now finished. Probably it is more by her magnificent artistic qualities than by her actual vocalisation that she makes so successful an appeal. She has, however, a splendid voice, and that invaluable attribute known as tone-colour. It remains only to say that Madame Giachetti is a very fine, even great actress.

Bridge: THIRD WEEKLY PROBLEMS

£7 7s. in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of Marks in the Eight Weekly Competitions.

First Prize (each week): Two Guineas.

SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES: "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case, value £1 1s.

What You Have to Do

1. Herewith three problems are set. You have to answer them. Thus, if you think the right answer to a Problem is "Spades," take half a sheet of notepaper and write "Spades." After that, you write your reasons for the declaration.

2. Having written the answers to the three problems—with reasons, making six answers in all—write your name and address clearly, *and, in addition*, a *nom de guerre* under which your marks in the Eight Weeks Competition may be published.

3. Having given your solutions of the week's problems in the method set forth above, then, for a coupon, cut off the two lines at the bottom of the back cover, "Printed and published by George Robert Parker, etc., etc.," and pin this token to your solutions. These solutions must reach the office not later than the first post on Wednesday next, addressed to "The Bridge Editor," THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C., and marked in the left top corner of the envelope "Competition."

4. Winners of a weekly prize are not eligible for another weekly prize during the Competition, though they are, of course, still eligible for the chief prize.

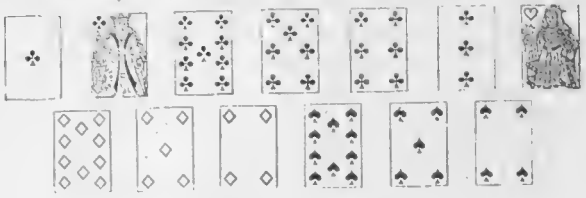
5. Competitors abroad, whose solutions reach us a reasonable time after the specified date, will nevertheless receive marks, and be eligible for prizes should they win them.

PROBLEMATICUS.

WHAT DO YOU DO AS DEALER, AND WHY?

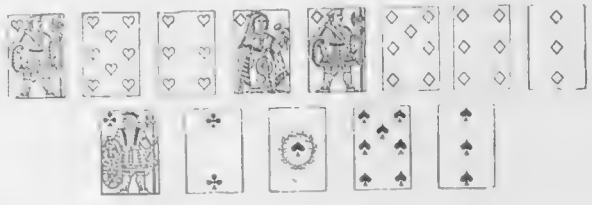
PROBLEM VII.

Dealer, 20; Adversaries, A Game and 24.



PROBLEM VIII.

Love-all.



PROBLEM IX.

Game-all: 12-all.

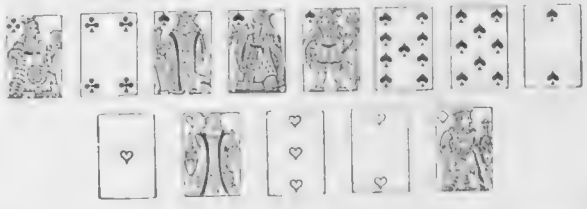


Photo by *Henry Dixon*

"Sweet Melancholy." From a Painting by A. H. Buckland

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Christmas Books of all Kinds

There are no better presents for children at Christmas time than books, as almost everyone will admit; but the difficulty nowadays, when the Christmas supply almost exceeds the demand, is to choose the right books. "What *shall* I give little Tommy or Jenny?" is the despairing cry of the bewildered parent, uncle, aunt, and family friend whose Christmas present is eagerly awaited by Master Thomas or Miss Jane, as the case may be. To assist intending purchasers in their choice, therefore, we are giving a few hints as to the best books for presents.

"As we think Black Cats better far
Than any other kind,
We've got together lots of them,
Which in this book you'll find."

This is one of the opening verses of the "Black Cat Book" (Blackie: 1*s.* 6*d.*). The pages are full of black cats in every conceivable and inconceivable position and occupation, and will be welcomed by all those children who have a pussy, especially if it is a black pussy. All good children do know, or else should know, Harry Neilson and his funny animals. In his "Droll Doings" (Blackie: 3*s.* 6*d.*) he tells us in pictures all about the Baby Bears, Little Leo, the Puppy Dogs, Jimmy Rat, Elephant Sue, and all the rest of them.

Specimen illustration from the "Jack Book" in the "Humpty-Dumpty Books." Treherne: 1s. 6d.)

"A Trip to Santa Claus Land" (Gay and Bird: 5*s.*, post free), as the name implies, is a real Christmas story, relating the adventures of Ruth, Mr. Redbreast, the Joodle-Tig, the Piggly-wig, the Clumpety Stick, the Snow Man, and King Santa Claus himself. The story is told brightly and simply, and it is just the sort of tale to be read aloud. The illustrations in this book are by Mr. Patten Wilson, and are very dainty and pleasing. The whole tone of this book, though simple and unostentatious, is very pleasant, and eminently suited for juvenile readers.

Messrs. Ward, Lock were so successful with their "Wonder Book" last year that they have issued another one for this Christmas. The get-up and illustrations of this book are very dainty and tasteful. We are glad to see that in this volume, as in most of the books published this season, the grotesque, in the place of the humorous, is absent. There are plenty of funny drawings and funny books to be seen everywhere, but the humour is of such a kind that can be appreciated by the children, and not merely by the grown-ups, as often used to be the case.

"Ruth and the Clumpety Stick"

(A reduced illustration from "A Trip to Santa Claus Land." Gay and Bird: 5s.)

Ascott R. Hope's "Round the World," illustrated by Gordon Browne, gives an excellent lesson in geography, served up in a palatable form. Both the illustrations and the letterpress are as good as can be.

Blackie's "Children's Annual" is full of good things, and is cheap at 3*s.* 6*d.* It is illustrated by John Hassall, Charles Robinson, Gordon Browne, and other well-known artists, and there are verses by Clifton Bingham, Felix Leigh, and Sheila Braine. Perhaps, however, the best thing in the book is "The Diverting History of John Gilpin," illustrated by John Hassall, whose drawings exactly suit the text. It is difficult to beat old favourites, and it is an excellent idea to include such pieces as John Gilpin in annuals of this nature.

Three little Jappy chaps unto a goose said, "Boo!"

(From "The Ten Little Jappy Chaps," one of the "Stump Books." Treherne: 1s. 6d.)

As for the books which are most suitable for the "tinies," the best undoubtedly are Dean's Rag Books. Their appearance is hailed with delight every year by babies all over the country, for, besides providing pictures and reading, they can be sucked without any fear of a bad pain afterwards, which is a great advantage from the child's point of view! One of the best books in this series is the old favourite, "Struwwelpeter," with all Dr. Hoffman's quaint drawings. For the tiniest children, there is "The Rock-a-Bye Book," "Puffing Billy," "'A' was an Archer," "Dollies' A B C," and several others, all of which are printed in fast colours on untearable linen.

Messrs. Treherne publish two series of booklets called the "Humpty-Dumpty Books" and the "Stump Books." These are just the thing for the Christmas Stocking. "The Jack Book" or "The Hippopotamus Book" will fit the toe of the stocking, whilst any of the "Stump Books," such as "The Little Jappy Chaps" or "The House that Jack Built," will go in the leg of the stocking with the dolls and the sweets.

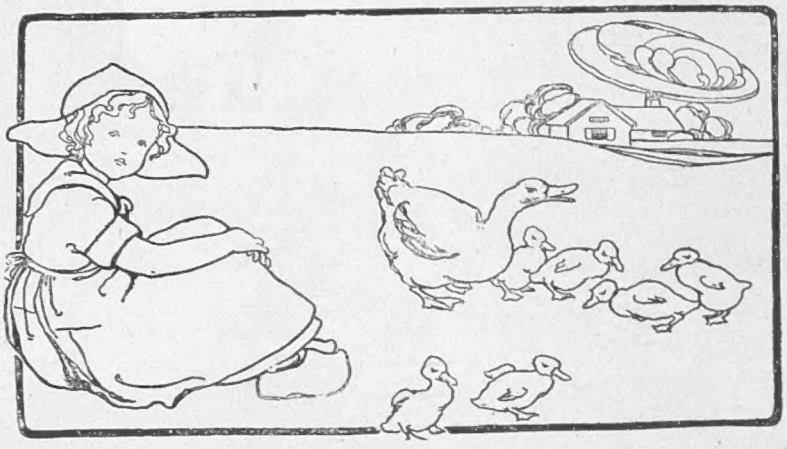
We must not forget the old favourite, "Father Tuck's Annual." It is as good as Tuck's Christmas cards, and everyone knows what

Reduced facsimile of the cover of "Round the World." (Blackie: 1s. picture boards, 2s. cloth gilt)

that means. Messrs. Tuck's cards this year are as varied in design as ever, and their quality higher, if possible, than in former years. Christmas post-cards are again to the fore in many and varied styles. Besides the Dickens and Tennyson tear-off calendars, which are always so much in demand, Messrs. Tuck issue a particularly attractive calendar, entitled, "The Rag-Time Calendar," which is distinctly quaint and original. To see Tuck's name on post-cards, Christmas cards, and calendars, is to see the best of their kind.

More Fairy Stories

Although, for my part, I have never been quite able to appreciate the humour of Mr. G. E. Farrow's "Wallypug" books, it would seem that there are many who find them acceptable, as he steadily continues to multiply them, and the latest, which is now before me, "The Wallypug in the Moon" (Pearson: 5*s.*), reintroduces many of the characters rendered familiar in his earlier works. It is very cleverly illustrated by Mr. Alan Wright, but in no proper sense of the word are the pictures humorous, any more than the letterpress. The quality of the book is that of quaint inverted fancy; it lacks the *naïveté* of the true fairy story. Miss Myra Hamilton has undoubtedly somewhat of the imaginative equipment of the fairy-story writer, though her narrative is at times a little amateurish; and there is good entertainment in "Kingdoms Curious" (Heinemann: 5*s.*), which contains a profusely illustrated collection of her fairy tales and would make an excellent gift-book for any girl.



Specimen illustration from Blackie's "Children's Annual," 3s. 6d. picture boards, 5s. cloth

Some Others

I must dismiss in a word or two a bundle of picture-books which have been crowding my table for some time. No firm has shown more enterprise of late in the production of beautiful picture-books than Messrs. Dean and Son, whom I have to congratulate on so admirable a work as "Kings of the Forest" (5*s.*), a magnificently printed volume in large quarto, of masterly drawings in colour by Mr. Stanley Berkeley, showing numerous typical wild animals. The text has been well written by Mr. A. E. Bonser. "A. Apple Pie" (1*s.* 6*d.*) is a very happy thought, being a photographic alphabet from modelled designs in the material known as "Plasticine," which is of distinct educational value to teachers of the young. "Living Toys" (Sealey Clark: 5*s.*) is an admirably produced colour-book, translated from the French; while Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s "Wonder Book" (3*s.* 6*d.*) is quite unrivalled as a picture annual for boys and girls. "The Zoo" (Rivers: 3*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. Walter Emanuel, with numerous and striking illustrations by Mr. John Hassall, is certainly the wittiest of new picture-books, and ought to bring delight to many a reader, young and old, this Christmas. J. A. H.

Shockers—Sixpenny and Shilling

Now is the time of year for the yellow-back, the red-back, or the blue-back, or whatever you may like to call the paper-bound book which costs sixpence or a shilling, and deals above all things with blood. A batch of thrillers has come to hand, entitled respectively "Circumstantial Evidence," by Albert E. Bull (Routledge, 6*d.*); "The Jade Eye," by Fergus Hume (John Long, 6*d.*); "A Bit of a Rogue," by Nat Gould (John Long, 6*d.*). Having devoured each of these, and thereby whiled away breathlessly many hours that might have been better, but not more agreeably spent, I have no hesitation in recommending these to other readers who may occasionally like to wallow in gore. For solid, thick and heavy sensation, however, let me commend Mr. W. T. Stead's new edition of "Real Ghost Stories" (*Review of Reviews*' Office: 1*s.*), with a preface by that great man himself, written in St. Petersburg, doubtless to the rattle of Trepoff's maxims, and the shrieks of down-trodden peasantry. Mr. Stead believes in ghosts, especially at Christmas, and thinks that we shall all be ghosts ourselves some day, so has no hesitation in recommending his collection to us by way of preparation.

Letts's Diaries

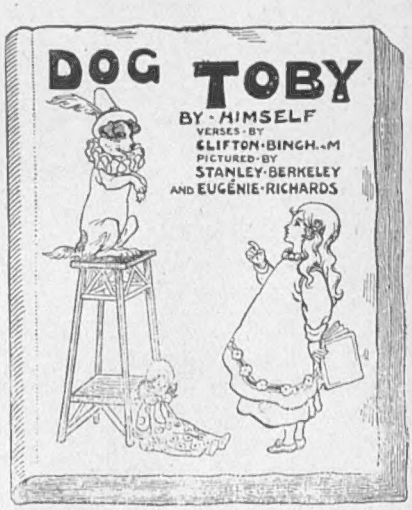
We have received from Messrs. Cassell and Co. some specimens of Letts's Diaries. Though the contents of these publications are somewhat lacking in originality, and cover much the same ground as books of similar kinds that we have seen in previous years, there is no doubt that they are likely to prove as useful to those anxious to frame new resolutions, record past actions and opinions, and remember engagements, dates, and Saints' days, as in years gone by.

The "Boudoir" Xmas Number

A highly attractive Christmas number is that of the *Boudoir*, just issued. In size, it is unusual; its type is large and attractive, and its subject-matter so bright, varied, and excellent, that it might circulate in the smoking-room and among gentlemen as fitly as in the "Boudoir" and "among gentlewomen," for whom it is produced. It is published by the Sandringham Press, Ltd., at 54A, Fleet Street.

"The Blue Moon"

The hundredth performance of *The Blue Moon* was celebrated at the Lyric Theatre on Tuesday evening last, December 5. Mr. Robert Courtneidge's production enjoyed a measure of prosperity that has not been exceeded in the history of the house.



Reduced facsimile of the cover of "Dog Toby," one of Dean's Rag Books. Its price is 6s., and its size is 11½ in. by 9¼ in.

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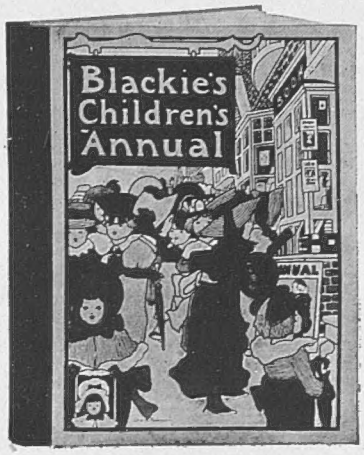

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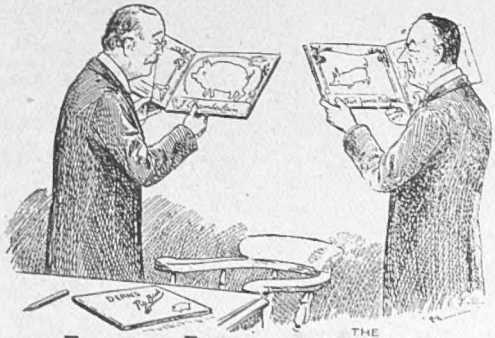

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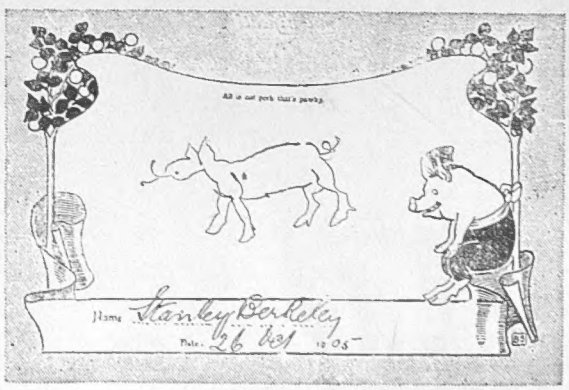

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The Editor's Box

Changes in Clubland

Nothing succeeds like success. With the example of so many failures among new Clubs which have recently been started in the West End of London, it is pleasing to note a young Club which has made such excellent headway during the first few months of its existence that it has been found necessary to enlarge the Club by building on an extra wing to accommodate the new members. The United Forces Club, at 117, Piccadilly, finds itself in this fortunate position, and it is evident that this Club is rapidly becoming one of the most popular of the Service Clubs in town. We also understand that an entrance fee of ten guineas for new members elected next year has been definitely decided upon. The success of the Club is probably due to the discrimination shown by the committee in the election of members.

The Author of "Abide with Me"

H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany graciously promised to open, at 12 o'clock, on December 6, at Messrs. Graves' Galleries, 6, Pall Mall, an interesting exhibition of pictures, given by many West Country and other artists, to be sold entirely for the rebuilding fund of Lower Brixham Parish Church, in memory of the author of the hymn, "Abide with Me," who was its Vicar for twenty-five years. Her Majesty the Queen has shown her sympathy with the effort, by becoming the possessor of a little water-colour of Brixham, and by sending a gracious message of encouragement.

Three Towns' Association in London

The Tripletonians in London, natives of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse, purpose holding their eighth annual dinner at Holborn Restaurant, on Saturday, December 9. G. H. Radford, Esq., L.C.C., will preside, and many noted West Countrymen, now resident in Town and elsewhere, have intimated their intention of being present. It is also hoped that the Mayor of Plymouth, accompanied by one or more Aldermen, will honour the Society with their company on that occasion. Three Towns Men in London should note this interesting and important function, full particulars of which will be supplied by the Hon. Sec., Mr. W. M. Bircham, 19, Broadfield Road, Catford, S.E.

The Alma Cigarette Company

Mr. Snow, of the Sleeping Car Company, has just received a cablegram from Cairo, saying that the Alma Cigarette Company have received the appointment of cigarette makers to H.H. The Khedive of Egypt.

A Useful Christmas Present

If you pay a visit to Hamilton's, 132, Regent Street, W., you will be enlightened as to the meaning of the cryptic phrase, "Tubs for shrubs." You will also light upon an ornamental and very useful Christmas present. These tubs, which range from twelve shillings to six guineas and upwards, are made by Messrs. Champion and Co., and are perfect specimens of the cooper's craft, being made entirely by hand from specially seasoned wood, highly finished, and of artistic design.

Tea Caddies for Christmas

At this season of the year the minds of many are occupied with thoughts of Christmas presents, and it is sometimes a matter of anxiety to the giver to know what article will be most suitable and welcome to the recipient. There is, however, one form of present which is always welcome in every household—a useful caddy of choice tea; and to meet the demand for this popular form of gift, large stocks of beautifully decorated caddies of every size—from quarter-pound upwards—are being offered by the United Kingdom Tea Co., Ltd., Empire Warehouses, London, E.C. The new designs are of a most attractive character, and cannot fail to be greatly appreciated. We are informed that large quantities of teas in packets are supplied by the Company each year for charitable distribution, and there is certainly much to be said in favour of this growing custom.

Our Christmas Supplement

With this number we present, as a special supplement, two coloured plates, entitled respectively, "The Simple Life" and "The Sumptuous Life," from which it will be seen that the former is not necessarily the poor man's lot, nor the latter that of the rich man, at the festive season.

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